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THE COMMERCIAL, PITTSBURGH.

CITY ITEMS.

Goods Sold Without Regard
to value. Opera House Shoe Store.

Go to Fleming's Drug Store,
for Roberts's Standard Preparations of all kinds, cheaper than other place in the city.

Superior Furniture at Auction.
A. Legate, Auctioneer, will sell on Thursday next, 10 o'clock, the entire superior household furniture, parlor, bedding, pictures, cost, and a valuable gold watch, at the residence No. 68 Fifth street.

Gold Medal
sparkling Catawba Wine, sold at the lowest rates, at Fleming's Drug Store, No. 84 Market street.

The Three Guardsmen
will be produced in all its original splendor this (Christmas) afternoon at the New Opera House.

See Advertisement.
N. Grossmayer & Co., No. 47 Fifth street, advertise on the second page of to-day's paper, a choice assortment of Ready made Clothing to be sold during the holidays. See advertisement.

Don't Forget
the Three Guardsmen at the Opera House this afternoon.

The First Premium
was awarded at the late County Fair to Roeder's Patent Foot and Yard Scale over the Fairbanks Scales, for lightness, cost, easy, coal, &c. Buyers take notice. Office, 58 Wood street.

Don't Forget
the Three Guardsmen at the Opera House this afternoon.

In Two Seconds
the contents of a coal Miner's Car are weighed by Roeder's Patent quick trade. See it for yourself. Office 58 Wood street.

The Bazaar of the City.
C. Yeager & Co's, Market street, is the greatest of city stores. It would be an endless task to specify, where nothing is wanting to a complete Christmas outfit for all ages or sexes and classes. Holiday shoppers, the finest collection of Hobby Horses ever shown this city, including the newest improvements, by which the rearing pony is completely superceded, can be found at this store. If possible in such a rush and see the wood in the tree on exhibition.

Elegant Holiday Gifts.
Richard E. Breed, No. 109 Wood street, is now offering a rare and splendid assortment of superb plain, Gilt and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Plate and Valuables, which has been selected with the greatest care, and comprises the most desirable articles in his line that can be enumerated. Especial attention has been given to the examination of all the lowest priced goods, so that purchasers will be sure to find at his old established store a more varied and extensive assortment of articles available for Holiday Gifts, than can be found at any other place in the city. Elegant Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver and Silver-plated Ware, French, English, German and Italian Toilette Sets, Vases, Mantelware, Tea's, Castor Dishes, fine Table cutlery, etc. Call and examine.

Important to Millers.
During the holiday season our millers, etc., must not forget that Godfrey & Blake, No. 357 Liberty street, are manufacturing the most durable and perfect Paper Sacks for putting up wheat and buckwheat or in small quantities for family use, that have ever been made in this country. These Sacks have been thoroughly tested by the millers of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, West Virginia etc., and have received their approval as the most desirable and durable Paper Sack ever offered in this market. Messrs. Godfrey & Clark have first class facilities for filling the above orders on the shortest notice, from ten days to one week earlier than any other Paper Sack makers, and for the same price per hundred, *less the cost and impurities in coal.* Remember the address: Godfrey & Clark, Paper Sack Manufacturers, No. 357 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Prayer Books,
and Bibles elegantly bound, at the Church Book store, Seventh and smithfield streets. eod

Something New
The Parlor Base Ball Field is decidedly the handmost present you can make. No game of modern use exceeds it in amusement and interest. It can be played by two or more persons, and is in every respect a perfect model of our National Game. As the supply this season will be limited, call at once on Thos. Bown, 136 Wood street.

Fine Gold Rings.
Ladies' Collar and Chatlain Pins, Gent's Masonic and Fellow and Templar Pins, Silver Chains, Hair Pins, Pierced Finger Rings, Silver Thimbles, Silver Buttons, &c., suitable for holiday presents, at J. Guenthner's, Rochester, Pa.

Racing with a Locomotive.
At Central Park, New York, the boys try their speed with the locomotive, but as yet have not succeeded in doing it, but we do not know how soon Pittsburgh boys may succeed, particularly as they have a majority of their shares of *bown*, 136 Wood street, who, notwithstanding the enormous quantity sold, has still of more left.

Holiday Presents
E. A. Matson's, 156 Smithfield street. eod

If You Want
our boys to stay at home in the evening buy him a parlor Base Ball Field. Bown, 136 Wood street, has em for sale.

An Episode in Laconics.
A young man—married—patriotism—enlisted—no rlough—three years—plenty letters—great babe—mother—lots for dead—no wife—prospect—Andersville—Grant victorious—came home—not a dollar claim spent—got his pay—$250—bought county into—Allegheny—Improved—Stove—Damper—sold it—bought more—$30 a day profit—owns a house—settled down—a chance for you right away—J. Nichidden, No. 11 Fifth street.

Juvenile Books,
Sward Cassidy, Institutional Texts, &c., &c., at E. A. Matson's Church Book Store, 196 Smithfield st. eod

Enormous.
Bown, 136 Wood street, has done such an enormous trade in Skates this winter, that he has been compelled to go and search the Philadelphia and New York markets for stock to supply the tremendous needs who daily throng his store. To-day he will receive a fresh supply. Go early that you may secure a pair.

Holiday Presents.
Beautiful and excellent Books at Rooms of Presbyterian Board, No. 94 Third street.

If You Want
our boy to stay at home in the evening, buy him a parlor Base Ball Field. Bown, 136 Wood street, has em for sale.

The Best Skaters
must be taught young and put at it early; so go to Bown's, 136 Wood street, and purchase a pair of skates for each of your sons and daughters.

Graceful Skating.
To acquire it, go to Bown's, 136 Wood street, and purchase a pair from his immense stock.

The Office and Study Lamp.
Is very desirable. Call and examine at Richard E. Breed's, No. 109 Wood street. tf

Beaver Female Seminary,
Beaver Male Academy, open January 2, 1867. Apply to R. T. Taylor. eod

Christmas Gifts,
at the Church Book Store, 196 Smithfield st. eod

Bow Pricked and Good—The Emerson Piano.
To meet the wants of the great number of persons in desire to possess a piano, but do not feel able to to the expense of the costliest make and yet would ve only a good, substantial one, we have made a ct, personal examination of all the lowest priced ano made in the United States. The result of this amination is that we have found those made by W. Emerson, to be the best pianos for the price, and subsequent good pianos that are made. They are t substant ally built, on the soundest acoustic principles; the wood is the best quality properly seasoned; tone rich and powerful, and the touch easy and astic; such can be provided with the full iron frame, d overstring bass. They stand well in tune and ar well in every particular; this we know from al experience. The difference in price between Emerson Piano, and the more costly makes, is ed by the most rigid economy in the manufacture sistent with excellence, and by a saving of labor on se parts, which neither affect the tone or durability. do not pretend that the "Emerson" is the lowest ced piano made: many can be bought at a less ce. Such pianos we do not keep, having found by own and others' experience that being so poorly ile they soon give way, lose their tone, become sh and discordant, and give no satisfaction to the ner, but are a constant source of expense and annoyance. A piano of this kind is a nuisance, and really the cheapest piano any one can buy. We do , and will not keep them for sale. Finding the Emerson" such desirable pianos, we at once secured exclusive agency for them for Pittsburgh and surrounding country, and having made special contracts a regular weekly supply for a long time to come, can offer them at unusually advantageous rates. persons desiring the best cheap piano in the market, should not fail to examine the "Emersons" before purchasing any other kind. Liberal discount to ry men, teachers and cash customers. Chas. C. Adler & Co., 81 Wood street, Pittsburgh. eod

Writing Desks,
Ladies' Companions, Portfolios, and other useful presents, at 196 Smithfield street. eod

The Gorham Manufacturing Co.,
Of Providence, R. I., inform the trade that they are producing fine electro-plated goods, containing full silver and less service and table ware of every description, of a very superior quality and of new and elegant designs. The base is nickel silver, upon which is a deposit of pure silver of such thickness that by possesses all the advantages of solid silver in utility, and from beauty of design and superior finish are indistinguishable from it. The German Silver Manufacturing Company refer with confidence to the high reputation they have established in the production of solid silver ware, which they have been for many years engaged, and by which they have been so far justified that they will fully maintain that reputation by the production of their plated wares of same quality and excellence. Sold only as well known entire satisfaction to the purchaser. All articles made by them are stamped thus:

GORHAM MFG. CO.

on all such are fully guaranteed. They feel it necessary particularly to call the attention of purchasers to the above trade-mark, as their designs have been so closely imitated. These goods can only be procured from responsible dealers throughout the country. sold wd-tu

The Pittsburgh Commercial.

VOL. IV. PITTSBURGH, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1866. NO. 92.

FIRST EDITION.

12 O'CLOCK, M.

THE CAPITAL.

The Internal Revenue Law.

Question of Extending the Free List.

Disposal of Public Lands.

Application for Release of Dr. Mudd.

Special Dispatch to the Pittsburgh Commercial.

WASHINGTON, December 24.

The Reparations.

To-day has been observed here as a partial holiday. The Cabinet departments were closed at noon and the vitality at the President's house were few.

The Free List.

At the Capitol the Ways and Means and Finance Committees were in session. The former has before it the important question of extending the free list in the internal revenue law, and duly considered a list of articles for that purpose.

Disposal of Public Lands.

Returns received at the General Land Office for the month of November, 1866, from the General Office at Traverse City, Michigan, show that 15,966 acres of the public lands were disposed of during that month—4,776 of which were taken under the Homestead Law for actual settlement and cultivation.

Personal.

Secretary McCulloch and Postmaster-general Randall, have both left town on a visit.

General Grant has returned.

Dr. Rudd's Case.

The writ of *habeas corpus* applied for in the case of Dr. Mudd, one of the assassination conspirators, is now pending before Judge Swayne of the Supreme Court.

Missouri Troubles.

General Grant had an interview with the President to-day, and laid the facts relating to the Missouri troubles before him.

WASHINGTON, December 24, 1866.

THE FINANCES.

The policy of the Secretary of the Treasury with regard to the contraction of the currency will not be fully sustained by Congress. He will be limited to ten millions, which he is allowed to contract, and the national bank paper will be increased probably to the same amount, the volume of legal tender notes remaining fixed. This seems now the well settled opinion in the higher financial circles. The power of the national banks is very great, and it is deemed impracticable to prevent their success in any reasonable plans which they may make upon. For this reason any attempt to contract the paper issued by United States notes or plain legal tenders will probably fail this session.

IS THE TREASURY SELLING GOLD?

Rumors that Secretary McCulloch is selling gold largely are current in New York and here. It is different to obtain the exact truth. Some of his friends at the Treasury Department deny that he has sold a dollar within a week. Others admit that he has made some sales. One thing can be relied upon, and it is that he makes no sales for the gratification of speculators in Wall Street. He only sells when he needs more currency to bring up his balances, and thinks it safer to do so than to overload the national vaults. This last statement I have on the best authority. Those speculators who think that the Secretary is selling the gold to depress the price are losing it. Keeping down the price of gold, are very much mistaken.

THE MEXICAN MUDDLE.

The Mexican question assumes a new phase by the arrival of the new French Minister, the Marquis Lobbera and Count Dano, and by concerning the policy which the French Ministers is instructed to pursue. The President's original solution of the problem about Mexican affairs may be regarded certain, and Messrs. Sherman and Campbell's humiliating. There cannot be a doubt but that the Government will take such measures as will vindicate the principles it has assumed in regard to the Monroe doctrine. A proclamation to that effect is anticipated, and no act among the doubtful measures the Government will presently pursue.

MR. M'CULLOCH'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

One object of Secretary McCulloch's visit to New York is to ascertain the tone of public opinion on the appointment of a naval officer for the port of New York. Mr. McCulloch is consulting with financiers in reference to important financial subjects.

THE IRON AND WOOL INTEREST.

The iron masters and wool growers are becoming anxious about the fate of the tariff, which was passed by the last House, and are preparing to exert a powerful influence on the Senate. Henry McCalister, Jr., Secretary of the Association, has issued a circular to the iron masters of the country, to meet on the 16th of January, when the wool interest will be represented.

THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

Mudd, Spangler and McLaughlin, the assassination conspirators, will be brought from their prison at Dry Tortugas for trial, by a Civil Court. It is understood that Judge Wayne will grant the writ.

TROOPS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES.

It is stated that the President will hereafter refuse to allow the use of troops for the States except in case of riot. This action is founded upon the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court.

FIRST LAW OF THE SESSION.

The first bill which has become a law at the present session of Congress, is one to supply the deficiency in the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1867, and for other purposes. Items: For public printing, including paper, $500,000, and for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse, $50,000.

INTERNAL REVENUE CIRCULAR

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued a circular to the officers of the Internal Revenue Bureau, directing them to make or purchase no more stationery, but to make requisitions on the Bureau for all they need, which will be supplied by parties to whom was awarded the contract.

THE GOV. LYON ROBBERY.

The *Republican*, referring to Gov. Lyon, of Idaho, losing $47,000 in the sleeping car, says: It is a matter of publicity that the Government has, at different times, entrusted Governor Lyon in his capacity of Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Idaho, of which he is given no account, which he is expected by law to pay to the Government that sum as well as the $47,000 stolen.

GOVERNMENT TAX ON GAS.

An effort will be made by representatives of the leading gas companies of the country to secure the repeal of a gross tax on gas imposed by the Internal Revenue law which prohibits companies from charging the Government tax on gas to consumers after the 1st of April next.

COMMISSIONER NEWTON.

A strong pressure is being brought to bear to remove Mr. Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, and if the President should disregard it to Congress will legislate him out.

PROBABLE INVESTIGATION.

It is rumored here that the Maryland Legislature will, soon after its meeting next month order an investigation into the conduct of Judge Bond, of Baltimore, regarding the Police Commissioner troubles.

THE NAVY.

The Navy Department has received a communication from Rear Admiral J. A. Dahlgren, dated December 12, announcing that he had on that day relieved Rear Admiral Pearson of command of the South Pacific squadron. At that time there were no United States ships there but the store ship Jamestown.

Rear Admiral S. W. Gordon, commanding the South Atlantic squadron, reports from Rio De Janeiro to the 28th of November. The movements of the squadron since his previous dispatch. The Juniata sailed on November 6th for Bahia, and would return to Rio De Janeiro about December 1st. The Niantic sailed for Monte Video, and returned on the 19th. The Penascola arrived at Rio De Janeiro on the 8th of November, and sailed November 23th for Valparaiso.

On the 19th of November, the Shamokin, with Minister Washburne on board, went up the Parana, and when last heard from was at Corrientes, which place she was to leave on the 26th of November. The Monocacy sailed November 21 for Cape of Good Hope. The store house in Rachibos would be ready to receive the stores of the Onward about the 8th of December. After which time she would proceed to Montevideo, and having made special contracts a regular weekly supply for a long time to come, can offer them at unusually advantageous rates. Persons desiring the best cheap piano in the market, should not fail to examine the "Emersons" before purchasing any other kind. Liberal discount to clergymen, teachers and cash customers. Chas. C. Adler & Co., 81 Wood street, Pittsburgh. eod

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VICKSBURG.

One Hundred Buildings Burned

Several Persons Killed.

Loss Over Two Millions.

VICKSBURG, MISS., December 24.—A terrible conflagration broke out in Morris's book, corner of Clay and Levee, at 8 P. M., last night, and destroyed the entire block of thirty houses. From thence it spread to the block bounded by Levee, Clay, Mulberry and Crawford streets, and destroyed the entire block of thirty-three houses; then east of Mulberry, between Crawford and Clay to Washington, thirteen houses; thence to the corner of Washington and Crawford four three story brick stores, spread to the corner of Mulberry and Washington, and both sides shanties, &c, in all about one hundred buildings, of which thirty-eight were large brick stores. Two white children and four negroes perished in the flames, six negroes were killed by accident. Five hundred families were rendered homeless. The origin of the fire is the result of carelessness in Meyers's room in the building.

The streets are crowded with goods and debris. The greatest credit is due to Generals Wood and Dudley and their troops for the human efforts to subdue the flames and prevent pillaging. Many citizens were also active up to arrest the progress of the flames. The theater building, cathedral, city bank and Methodist church are saved. The fire is entirely extinguished. The levees were illuminated for miles. The loss is roughly estimated at $2,000,000; about one-fourth insured.

The following is a partial list of the sufferers: D. Morris, Jones Lawrence, Jr., Mrs. A. Jones Lawsmith, fruit dealer; F. M. Bradley, watch maker; J. Kross & Co., clothing; Mansfield & Co., dry goods; Mrs. Ann Lyons, wife and crockery; he also lost all the three stores owned by Smith & Hartland, dry goods and groceries; S. H. Young & Co., wholesale groceries; Washington Hall building; Conway & Harris, dry goods; Elliott, Hughes & Co., dry goods; R. Randell & Private, clothing store; D. Passman & Co., dry goods; F. & Co., furniture dealers; S. Rothschild, dry goods; B. S. Bracket, banker; Abner Mathews, dry goods; Mrs. Lucy Woodward, widow of Wade

The Daily Commercial

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1866.

For a review of a rare new work and other matter, see third page.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.—No paper will be issued from the COMMERCIAL office to-morrow.

In his recent speech in the House in favor of a reduction of members' salaries, Mr. SPALDING, of Ohio, insisted that the true mode of compensation was by a per diem wages, as the practice was for the first thirty days of the government, except for the Fourteenth Congress. A salary, he thought, had a tendency rather to induce a neglect of business, while per diem secured it.

THE RELATIONS OF THE STATE AND CHURCH.

In the Pastoral Letter of the Roman Catholic Council, lately held in Baltimore, there is much excellent advice given to the members of that church. In much of it, we suppose, the great body of Protestants would entirely agree. As a secular journal, we do not take cognizance of the theological doctrines set forth. As to the recommendation of good morals, we are glad to see it emanating from any church or any quarter. The deliverance of the council, on the relations of the church to the State, falls fairly within our scope, as this is a political question, and it is a matter of more than mere curiosity, to know what is the accredited opinion upon it, in a body that embraces so large a number of our fellow citizens.

On the general principles of civil government, enunciated by the council, probably all classes of people, in the main, agree. Christians of all denominations believe that civil government is of God, and that should it enjoin anything contrary to the law of God, it transcends its limits. But in the application made of these principles, the council diverges rapidly from the common sentiment. It says:

"This undeniable principle does not, however, establish any consequence to the Catholic system as in force of the civil law. In these the individual is the ultimate judge of what the law of God commands or forbids, and its consequent. To refuse to obey the civil law, when the civil law, let what, after all, may be, and often is, not the suggestion of an undisciplined and perverted imagination. Nor can the civil government be expected to recognize an authority which has no warrant for its claim as Divine, and no limits in its application, without exposing the State to disorder and anarchy."

Whether the authority by which an individual judges of "what the law of God commands or forbids" be a divine authority or a human one, is a theological question, that we do not discuss. But the civil government does, in fact, hold the *individual* responsible, whatever his authority or his judgment for his violation of civil laws. And this is what we understand the Council to dissent from. It attributes the responsibility to "the church," and claims that the civil government is bound to recognize this authority as superior, instead of holding individuals responsible for their conduct. The Catholic has a guide in the Church as a divine institution, which enables him to discriminate between what the law of God forbids or allows; and this authority the State is bound to recognize as supreme in its sphere—of moral, no less than dogmatic teaching.

This is very peculiar ground to be taken by a religious body. First, it takes the individual Catholic out of the position of direct responsibility to the civil government, for civil offences, and secondly, claims that the civil government is bound to recognize the church as supreme, and to acquiesce, accordingly, in the transaction. This bold claim of supremacy is followed by a sort of acquiescence and evasive statement, needed as well by the logic as by the politics of the above extract. This is a part of it: "There may, indeed, be instances in which individual Catholics will make a misapplication of the principle; or in which, while the principle of obedience to civil authority is recognized as of divine obligation, the seat of that authority may be a matter of doubt, by reason of the clashing opinions that prevail in regard to this important fact."

The whole affair has relation to *individuals*—why then should the individual Catholic be introduced as the exceptional case? And by this last sentence it is conceded that the individual Catholic, after all, is as liable to err in the application of the principle of obedience to civil authority as an individual of "the sects." Nay, worse, he is admitted to be in danger of mistake as to "the seat of that authority," for the Protestant knows it to be in the civil government and not in the church. We have no "*clashing opinions*" on this point. *The church by itself*, and the State *by itself*, is the fixed political creed on this point. And if we inspect the records of civil and criminal courts, or the jails and penitentiaries of the country, it will be found that the individual Catholic, even with the church as a guide, has not been more obedient to civil government than one who felt his responsibility directly to it, without the intervention of the church.

Leaving the abstract question of the relation of civil government and the church, the council next takes the subject up in the concrete, and specifies one vital point in which the laws of the States in this Union do not meet its approbation, not squaring with those of the church. It is the property question. The council says: "We have still to lament that in many of the States we are not, as yet, permitted legally to make those arrangements for the security of Church property, which are in accordance with the canons and discipline of the Catholic Church."

The complaint is not that in respect to the holding of property the Catholic Church is made to differ from other churches, but that it *is the same* with others. It is expressly added as a ground of complaint, that in this matter, they have to "conform to *general* laws providing for this object," and that is a system which is "borrowed from those who have rejected her authority." It is objectionable because it *is* the same system that is applied to other religious denominations. This is the best reason, we should suppose, for approving of it, because it is even handed and just to all, without extending special advantages without reason, to any. But the council says they cannot submit to this, because it is "alien to her principles" on the point of holding property, and contrary to her practice. So they say, "we content ourselves with the formal protest we hereby enter against it."

And here we leave the subject, only remarking, in conclusion, that whatever theological or ecclesiastical notions of the relations between the State and the different churches, it is quite certain that the nature of our Government does not admit a recognition of ecclesiastical authority as supreme, over that of the State, in any matter of which the State has jurisdiction, and it is equally certain, that in the tenure of property, purely a State matter, no one church or denomination of people can justly claim, or can be allowed, if they do claim it, special and exclusive privileges or exemptions.

RECONSTRUCTIONARY GUARANTEES.

There is a loyal paper published in Alabama—even in the inflammatory atmosphere of the city of Mobile. This paper, with a courage that does its editor infinite credit, protests against the flagrant outrages committed on the colored population under the name of law. It says:

"Almost every day men are arrested while pursuing their regular avocations, tarred into, for every night, and then given their liberty on the morning, to be condemned—and coerced in the meantime, to work on the streets that without a particle of proof, other than the declaration of some fellow that they were not laboring at the time of their arrest—which, in view of their complexion, is adjudged to be a heinous crime."

And it cogently adds: "If the gentlemen who complain so bitterly because the North refuses to put faith in their protestations want to know the reason of that want of faith in them, they have but to watch closely the conduct of the officers of the law, and they will quickly ascertain that these 'agents of the people' are constantly demonstrating the hypocrisy of the 'people's' professions. The laws of Alabama are infamous enough, the Lord knows, but they are purity itself, compared with the conduct of those who have the administering of them."

THERE has been exhibited, in some quarters, a disposition to indulge ridicule and the lower types of wit on the prayer meeting instituted by some of the members of Congress. We do not, we confess, appreciate these demonstrations against a private religious measure entered into by a few of our public men, in the exercise of the rights of conscience to which they, as well as others, are entitled. Neither should it be deemed an occasion of jeers and stale jests, that among our representatives there are thirty or forty praying men, who, accustomed to worship God at home, associate together in doing the same when abroad. Prayer has been invoked by the Chief Magistrate of the Union over and over again, and by the Executive of every State. The recognition of the Divine government in the affairs of the nation has been made from the outset of our national existence, both by prayer and thanksgiving. And we should think that a few Christian men might understandably pray at the seat of government without the persecution of ridicule from witlings, who happen to have access to the public press, without reverence or good manners to guide them in the use of the privilege.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

It appears, from the conversation between the President and Mr. EGGLESTON, reported in the COMMERCIAL yesterday morning, that the President is hopeful with regard to our relations and business with Mexico, although they do not look as favorable as could be desired. The return of both General SHERMAN and Minister CAMPBELL, shows that there has been some disappointment on the part of the Government. The progress of their mission was stopped before its intentions were fulfilled. It is equally evident that there has been also a disappointment experienced by the French Government in its Mexican projects. Whether these two disappointments have any connection with each other may be, at present, a matter of doubt, and yet the question may eventually become one of great importance and magnitude.

The erection of the empire of Mexico, as first inaugurated, under French auspices, was professedly designed as a measure for securing the payment of certain claims held by citizens of France on those of Mexico. Although differing somewhat from the form and method usually observed in such cases, yet it was designed, ostensibly, as a collection measure, to insure the payment of claims. The empire, so set up for this purpose and under these auspices, was a failure, if not a real failure, it was a signal one. There was an actual abdication and a temporary cessation of the Imperial government. Whether the withdrawal of the French support was the occasion of failure, or whether the attitude assumed by the United States was the cause of the withdrawal of the French support, it is evident, that such ground, if taken, would place our Government in an embarrassing condition with reference to the pecuniary claims against Mexico.

If there was nothing intrinsically different in the principle employed by the French Emperor for the collection of claims due by citizens of a foreign Government to subjects of his own, than the frustration of his efforts would justly devolve the responsibility for the claims on the Government of the United States, provided it were made out that the latter had caused the failure of those efforts. The abdication or suspension of the Empire and its immediate resumption under different auspices, might furnish ground for suspicion that some such trickery was lurking under the transaction. It certainly looks as though the United States had, somehow, got into an embarrassing position, by its diplomacy on Mexican affairs. Whether we have made ourselves liable for the French claims or not, our endeavors in behalf of Mexico do not seem to be very effective, nor gratefully appreciated by the people of that country. If, therefore, our republican friendship involves us in any responsibility, it is very evident, from the condition of Mexican affairs and the tone of Mexican feeling, that any revolutionary indemnity from that quarter will be looked for in vain.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

Major General STEEDMAN, of Ohio, is one of those facile tactical men who know how manage, under a great variety of circumstances, to keep at the top of public affairs, where the cream is and the skimming of it most easily accomplished. He has been a professed Democrat for many years, yet he was shrewd enough to take a prominent part in the operations of the war. Of course, under the present administration—fealty to which he was quick to see was the only means of gaining public place and emolument—he has been an ardent Johnsonian. His reward has been the gratification of an inordinate vanity, by associating his name with the successful cession to the War Department, and the more substantial recognition of his plastic usefulness by an appointment as special commissioner to report on the working of the Freedmen's Bureau. This report he might just as well have made without leaving Washington; but, for appearance sake he [illegible] and under cloth of make-believe impartial investigation. As might have been expected, he condemned the institution without reserve. Now, very few people who knew the two men would be likely to hesitate as to whose word was most reliable—that of General STEEDMAN or General HOWARD; and General HOWARD emphatically says that the part of the report which "charges to the account of the Bureau all the evils of the labor system, while it attributes to the State governments and citizens, in great part, the good results achieved," is "unfair and false." The more statement, coming from whom it does, will be sufficient to establish public opinion on the subject.

LEGISLATIVE "LAFFER."—It must be peculiarly gratifying to the constituents of the accomplished statesman, by whom the legislative labors of the nation are performed, to know that Congressional cares and anxieties can be sometimes relieved with light and exhilerating passages of humorous banter. Especially pleasing will such incidents appear when they occur in connection with merely trifling affairs of a pecuniary nature, such as a question of liberally voting the people's money into their own pockets. Who can refrain from joining in the "laughter" which rang through Representative halls when Mr. RANDALL congratulated himself that he and the "gentleman from Tennessee" were in accord in accepting their expanded rate of pay and mileage, after the acts of Congress had been indorsed by the return of those members who had voted for the increase? Who could avoid catching infection from the explosion of merriment which followed Mr. DRIGGS's inquiry of Mr. LAWRENCE—(Mr. L. had said he had received his additional pay, but wanted the law repealed)—as to whether he felt bad when he took it? What right minded person would attempt to repress his disposition to roar in hilarious unison with these jovial fellows, when, in response to Mr. LAWRENCE's belief that Mr. DRIGGS felt good under the same circumstances, that candid representative from Michigan unhesitatingly exclaimed, "I did!" These little episodes are refreshing and, we may say, reassuring. If our national affairs were in anything like the critical condition some croakers try to make out, those who bear them, as it were, on their shoulders, could never be so jocular and light-hearted.

It is a generally received maxim in government that the certainty of punishment is a greater terror to evil doers than the severity of it. Men of depraved habits are, therefore, more likely to be deterred from committing crimes by a strict and impartial administration of justice by courts, than by any formidable array of penalties in the criminal laws. So also, it is equally true that a lax, and unwise administration of existing laws, encourages bad men in the commission of crimes. If wealth, social position, or political considerations will afford a probable shield from punishment, it will encourage acts of rapine, fraud and violence. The condition of society would be bad and dangerous indeed, if, on the occurrence of a robbery or murder, and the arrest of the culprit, the first inquiry should be as to his wealth or his relations, instead of his guilt.

It is not believed that in this country justice is often defrauded of her claims on these grounds. There is a deeply impressed conviction on the popular mind that the exemption of the guilty from punishment is an encouragement of crime. And the reverence for wealth is yet too moderate to justify violence to the claims of law and right under the dictations of money or power.

A GREAT many papers and people are finding fault with General SHERIDAN for executing his arrest of the Mexican agitator, ORTEGA, on the ground that he was only doing what the Government had done in the case of the Fenian raiders on Canada. True, there cannot be found the slightest analogy between the circumstances of the two cases; but then it should be remembered that General SHERIDAN has a good deal of Irish blood in him, and the opportunity to make a little capital with enthusiastic fellow-citizens of his own race was too good to be lost, even if the indulgence did involve the production of a species of "bull."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The pork packers of Springfield, Illinois, are doing a large business. The hogs are heavier and of a better quality than they were last year.

There is a great demand in East Tennessee for laborers of all kinds on railroads, and a fine opportunity is thus afforded to men seeking employment.

The printers of Springfield, Illinois, are making extensive preparations for the annual Franklin festival, to be given at the Leland House, on the 17th of January. It will be the grandest affair of the winter season.

Fillibusterism is getting played out through the South. Notice of a meeting in Nashville Tennessee, was advertised for a week, but the "Filibuster" didn't come to time.

Rich lead mines have been discovered in Williamsburg, Ky.

Negotiations are pending for the introduction from China by the new mail steamship line, of a large force of laborers for the Central Pacific railroad.

Frequent earthquake shocks in Sacramento and other points along the Pacific coast remind the inhabitants that many things are passing away.

Coffee County, in Tennessee, is being colonized by Pennsylvanians. Some fifteen or twenty families from our State have purchased lands around Concord and Oak Hill, and are resetting. They have already laid out some eighty farms and dollars for lands, and the cry is "still they come." They are excellent farmers and good citizens, and there is ample room for all such.

Late advices give assurance that the East Indies telegraph line through China is to be a success.

An Icaho letter says the business of counterfeiting gold dust is carried on to a serious extent, and the authorities of the Territory have been called on to suppress it.

The Toronto *Leader* insists upon the feasibility and desirability of the Huron-Ontario ship canal, and thinks that with a reasonable amount of aid from the Western States the enterprise may soon be undertaken.

An interesting session of the "Wisconsin Union Religious Convention" was recently held at Milwaukee. The prominent speakers sharply denounced such public amusements as the Theater and Opera, and declared that Christians so dully countenancing such amusements as are consistent with the ideal of a Christian home.

The Mayor of Cincinnati asks the Councils for an increase of the police force.

The temperance movement is making great headway in St. Louis. A new hall, to cost $20,000, is about to be commenced.

The Cincinnati Councils are determined to have the laws against gambling and gift enterprises enforced. A gambler has just been fined $300, and sent to jail three months.

The St. Louis *Dispatch* gives a detailed description of a large number of private buildings which are now going up in different parts of that city. There is in Philadelphia, Baltimore and indeed in most of our large cities, suburban residences are in great demand.

The Chicago "sports" are alarmed by the precedent established in the conviction of Mollie Fussel, that it is only a misdemeanor punishable with a year's imprisonment, for a harlot to kill a gambler. Be it known to the aforesaid sports, that our laws make a distinction in favor of virtuous young women, for in the Washington case of Mary Harris, she went "scot free" for killing a man who had seduced her under promise of marriage.

PERSONAL.

—Alexander H. H. Stuart, Colonel T. S. Flournoy, Major W. T. Sutherlin, ex Gov. Letcher, and others, have been suggested by their respective admirers as men "who would make good Governors of Virginia."

—General Basil Duke, the comrade of the guerrilla John Morgan, is named as a candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

—The Duke of Augustenburg, the pretender to the throne of Schleswig Holstein, is, it is said, about to settle at Geneva and become a swiss citizen.

—Speaker Colfax will commence his public receptions on the 10th of January, and continue them every Thursday evening during the presentsession of Congress.

—Drouyn de l'Huys said the French Ambassador at Berlin had received the decoration of the Prussian eagle for having lowered the eagle of France. The Emperor heard the remark, and Drouyn was packed off with a flea in his ear.

—The ex-Confederate General Forrest has a contract for constructing forty five miles of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad, from Duvall's Bluff to Madison, Ark., and the work is being prosecuted with energy, but laborers are very scarce, and General Forrest wants five hundred, whom he will pay $1 per day and rations, and sell them any article of clothing they may require at reasonable rates, or pay them all cash.

—The Norwich (Ct.) *Bulletin* says that Edwin Booth, the tragedian, has purchased of William Stuart, proprietor of the Winter Garden, New York, a few acres of land below the Pequot House, adjoining Mr. Stewart's residence. Mr. Booth will erect a handsome house on the land during the winter, and make the place his summer residence.

—The death is announced of Prince Nicholas Galitzin, in Russia. He was the author of a work on the relations between the Catholic Church and that of France, recently published, and was well known in the musical and [illegible] world.

—The standing conundrum in some quarters now is: "Where is Stephens?" The answer as given by competitors for the cup, are as follows: He has been arrested; he has not been arrested; he has left the country; he is up-town somewhere; last Friday night he was seen in a min. strel hall in the Bowery, N. Y.; on Saturday he was in Houston street; Sunday he was in Hoboken; Monday he was in Brooklyn, and so on; as the verisimilar hash, from the various accounts, he is "round generally," and the "headcenter" seems to have merged into an extensive circumference.

—A Washington correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* calls the members of the Senate to account for the frequent allusion in the debate to Mr. Sumner's recent marriage. "In no other legislative assemblage in the world," says the correspondent, "would such an allusion be tolerated." This point is well taken. It is indecorous, even insulting, for Senators to "chaff" each other, touching so delicate a matter as marriage.

—Alexander Hamilton Hayes, a printer, well known throughout the United States, especially in New Orleans, died in the latter city several days ago. He was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1806. Choosing the profession of printer, he was first employed in Philadelphia, but afterwards went to New Orleans to become foreman of the *Picayune* newspaper. He left the office of the *Picayune* to become one of the founders of the *Delta*. After that paper was established, the proprietors separated, and a portion of them, with Mr. Hayes, established the *Crescent*. The *Crescent* of to day is the revival of that paper of which Mr. Hayes was an original proprietor. He acted as foreman to both the *Delta* and the *Crescent*. In 1850 the *Crescent* was transferred to other owners, and Mr. Hayes took up that wandering life which continued to his death. He went to California and thence to Japan and China, and back again to California, which State he left on the breaking out of the war. He made his way overland to Texas, where he resided during the rebellion. A few weeks ago he was invited back to the *Picayune* office by the proprietors, but he died the day after landing in New Orleans. He stood high in his profession, and was esteemed by all who knew him. The New Orleans Typographical Society paid appropriate homage to his remains.

—The marriage of the Prince Amedeus, Duke of Aosta, son of King Victor Emanuel, with the Princess Della Cisterna, is definitely arranged. This lady is the daughter of the Prince of that name, who, being a decided Liberal, took part in the Italian rising of 1821, and on his return from his exile in Belgium, (where he had married a lady of the house of Merode,) he was reinstated by King Charles Albert in the possession of his estates, which had been placed under sequestration. The only surviving child, the Princess Maria, is the heiress of the two fortunes, paternal and maternal, combining principally the vast estates on the coast of Vercelli. This young Princess unites the most amiable qualities to her great fortune. She is now eighteen years of age, has been most carefully educated, speaks several languages, and, above and before all, she is as good as she is beautiful.

—Napoleon III. has a hard and unfeeling nature, if his treatment of horses is any indication of character. It is well known that he is fond of riding and driving splendid horses. A correspondent says: Naturally enough, one would suppose that, when these latter have done him good service, in fact been used up by his over-riding or over-working them, for the rest of their lives they would be well taken care of. Nothing of the sort: no such good fortune awaits them. I have seen horses which, for years, had borne His Majesty faithfully, ending their days in the shafts of a butcher's cart. Were they are no longer used, they mark they are given away or sold for a trifle. They must no longer cumber the Imperial stables.

—The recent death of Don Miguel of Portugal, the former claimant of the Portuguese throne, whose obstinacy once filled the newspapers, has attracted but little notice. In May, 1834, he signed the capitulation of Evora, stipulating for a pension of £2 000 per annum, and his private property. He afterwards lived at Rome and Vienna, and finally at the Castle of Bronbach, near Wertheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. In 1851 he married a German princess, and became the father of six daughters and a son. These were all born and christened on Portuguese ground, brought from Portugal; but it is not likely they will ever have an opportunity of vindicating their pretensions to the Portuguese crown, founded on a precaution so trivial and yet so characteristic.

SENATOR POMEROY'S bill to secure the speedy construction of the Union Pacific Railroad (Southern Branch) and telegraphic lines, and to secure the Government the use of them for military and postal purposes, provides for the issue of six per cent. bonds of one thousand dollars each, to run twenty years, on the completion of each twenty consecutive miles, at the rate of sixteen such bonds per mile. The road is to run via Fort Riley and Fort Smith, the valley of the Neosho and Grand and Arkansas rivers.

MINNESOTA is becoming a great grain producing State; the number of bushels of wheat shipped from the State this season being about seven million bushels. This, in the face of the disadvantages attending shipment, is truly extraordinary.

Our School Day Visitor.

This pleasant magazine for the young people commences a new volume with the present month, and comes to us in an enlarged and greatly improved form. It is ably conducted by the Rev. Alexander Clark, of this city, and relishes in an array of popular and brilliant contributors. The tales and miscellaneous sketches are written in a way to suit the capacity, and interest the feelings and imaginations of children, and its tone is unexceptionably good. The contents throughout, while instructive, are unusually entertaining, and while increasing the best of precept and example, there is never to be found the least approach to dullness. There is variety enough to suit every shade of juvenile taste, and subjects that might be likely to frighten the little ones into the idea that it was more of a teacher than a companion, are wisely eschewed. The instalment of what promises to be two charming New Year's stories, called "White Stockings and Red" and "The Wishing Family," begin in this number, and a little dramatic episode—"Killed with Kindness"—is admirably and genially drawn. The poetry, too, is seasonable and of unusual merit. Besides these we find puzzles and charades in plenty, and any quantity of general information and amusement.

The New German Constitution.

The Kolner *Zeitung* and other prominent German papers are of the opinion that the new constitution to be submitted to the German Parliament, after its adoption by plenipotentiaries from the several courts comprising the new Confederacy will embody the following points: First, there will be appointed an Executive Power, which, as a matter of course, will be intrusted to Prussia, as President of the Confederacy; second, a central committee, a military committee and a naval committee; and third, a parliament to be periodically convened. The army and the navy, organized on the principle of general military duty, will be under the supreme command of the King of Prussia. The various governments are to contribute their quotas of money and men, according to the orders of the Central Power. In every other regard the sovereign rights of the various Princes will be treated with all possible indulgence.

The Returning Tide.

A California Exchange and Reading Room has been organized in Philadelphia. California wheat, and considerable quantities of California flour, a very superior article, are being sold in Philadelphia. Yet the same two gentlemen were part owners of the Philadelphia Corn Exchange, who first shipped bread stuffs to California. Referring to the subject, the *Ledger* says: The tide has turned, and the surplus crop of wheat in California will this year be more than eleven millions of bushels. We have got this from a prominent member of our Corn Exchange who has all these items of statistics at his fingers' ends, if not on the other wise than correct. Shipment by steamer, however, so far as west is concerned, does not pay at present prices, and the importation does not prove encouraging to future operations. In this line of trade the case is different, as will be seen when we remember that the consignment that we saw yesterday, the first ever offered at the Philadelphia Corn Exchange, is a quality never excelled by the "fanciest" brand ever offered in this market.

The Man who Wanted an Assassin.

No single example of Southern brutality of feeling did so much during the war to intensify Northern sentiment, as the offer of one George W. Gayles, through the Selma *Dispatch*, to be one of a number who would contribute a certain amount for the assassination of President Lincoln. The suit of the United States against this amiable Gayles, will come off at Montgomery on Friday next. The defendant is a prominent lawyer of Middle Alabama and resides in Cahawba, Dallas county. Several eminent jurists of the State are retained for the defense. Mr. Gayles' "pronunciamento" has been regarded at the South as a most unfortunate occurrence, and not without cause, as subsequent events showed.

MR. BRIGHT THREATENS—Mr. Bright's utterances on the reform question, daily grow bolder. From calm argument, he is steadily passing to intimidations and threats of open force. In a recent meeting, speaking of Parliament's pertinacious rejection of reform, he said: "And now they resist up to this moment, and for aught I know they may possibly resist when they meet at the beginning of next February, until the discontent which is now so general becomes universal, and which is now only a great exhibition of opinion may become necessarily and inevitably a great and menacing exhibition of force."

He might as well have added, what is doubtless his secret conviction, and what the history of the Reform Bill of 1832 shows, that only by force will the classes concede to the just claims of the masses ever be made. When, in modern history, did an aristocracy voluntarily part with its power and prerogative?

A TROUBLESOME CONCERN—The shares of the Credit Mobilier continually fluctuate, and are the most uncertain of any quoted on the Paris Bourse. It is always in trouble, and needs the assistance of the Government to come up to the payment of its interest. A Belgian paper which lately asserted that France does not exist for the purpose of extricating the credit mobilier every six months from its financial embarrassment, was unceremoniously confiscated. The number of its shares will be doubled next year, and make it still more difficult for the Directors to control the vote of the shareholders. The Government must and will be [illegible] in this way, and the opposition is on the alert for forcetting out the secret.

AMERICANS have [illegible] no stupid man who does not know that we are original in their sense of the word. But for nothing do they so cheerfully give us a full measure of praise as for our literary attainments in "high-falutin" style. A London writer has lately attempted an imitation of the grandiloquent school, which is close if not perfect. He says of the late meteors: "They looked like the forehead planets of angels and archangels, summoned in splendid cohorts and regiments to vast services of God, and hanging with the lamps of their world lighted to the Divine rendezvous." American spread-eagleism is nowhere.

A NASHVILLE correspondent of a St. Louis paper illustrates the extent to which war, pestilence and a familiarity with grief have impaired the warmth of social feeling at the South, by reference to the fact that Professor Nathaniel Cross, of that city, recently deceased, and widely known as an able divine and college professor, was followed to the grave by not more than thirty or forty persons. "I can attribute the presence of so few at his obsequies only to the dead condition of the public mind, which has been so strained for about six years with intense care for the living, that the dead are scarcely noted, unless they are our next of kin."

THE Republican Association of Washington, at their meeting Friday night, resolved "that in its judgment the organization of auxiliaries to this society, composed exclusively of colored persons, is neither expedient as a matter of policy nor consistent with our Republican principles, which make no distinction on account of race or color."

AS A REMEDY for the whisky frauds it is proposed to lessen the tax on whisky to so low a rate, as to render it no object to cheat. Probably nearly as much revenue would be even then obtained.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.

Perfumery Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions, Ladies' Purses, Watch Stands, Jewel Cases, Toilet Bottles, Fine Puff Boxes, Havana Cigars, Inlaid Hair Brushes, Glove Boxes, Ladies' Canes, Cigar Cases, Cigar Stands, Pocketbooks, Watch Boxes, Fine English Razors, Bohemia Ware, Fine Colognes, French Extracts,

And a large variety of the finest French and English Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Colognes and Toilet Soaps. Persons in search of suitable holiday presents will find our stock very complete and prices exceedingly low.

McCLARRAN & McKENNAN, Druggists, 85 Market st. corner Diamond near Fifth st.

TRUSSES, TRUSSES, TRUSSES.

Trusses, Trusses, Trusses. Trusses, Trusses, Trusses.

A superior article of Trusses. The latest improvement

Hard Rubber Trusses. Hard Rubber Trusses. Hard Rubber Trusses.

Those wishing a good Truss and at a low price, should call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Superior Carbon Oil Soda Ash and Pot Ash. Perfumery and Patent Medicines of all kinds. A large and complete assortment of Gum Elastic and Hard Rubber syringes. Remember the place

AT FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, AT FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, Corner of the Diamond and Market street. Corner of the Diamond and Market street.

COAL, COAL.

The subscriber has for sale

CHOICE COAL,

From the Baltimore Veins of Wilkesbarre, delivered here on the Pennsylvania Railroad Cars, and any points on their Road.

DAVID M'CORMICK.

Harrisburg, December 21, 1866.

RELIGIOUS.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.—Christmas services and Holy Communion, at 10½ o'clock, THIS MORNING. Sermon by Rev. WM. A. SNIVELY.

MAYOR OF ALLEGHENY—

C. C. Smith,

Of the Third Ward, will be a candidate for election to the Mayoralty, subject to the action of the Union Republican Nominating Election.

COMMERCIAL SHOW CARDS,

ON GLASS OR PAPER.

LONG & SMITHSON,

66 SMITHFIELD STREET, near Fourth.

CHAMPAGNE WINES.

Having been appointed SOLE AGENT for the sale in this city of

MOET & CHANDON'S CELEBRATED WINES,

I am prepared to offer them at reduced prices.

WM. MILLER, 221 and 223 Liberty street.

N. O. SUGAR AND MOLASSES—

137 Bbls prime to choice N. O. Molasses; 30 hhds. fair to do Sugar,

To arrive on Thursday and for sale low to the Trade, and Grand and Arkansas rivers.

J. S. DILWORTH,

tf 130 and 132 Second street.

IMPORTANT TO SHEET IRON ROLLERS—Just received from Birmingham, England, one-half dozen SLIDE GAUGES, expressly for Sheet Iron Rollers, warranted English standard. For sale at JAMES BOWN'S, 136 Wood street.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OFFICE CO'LUMBIA OIL CO., St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, Dec. 25, 1866.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of this Company, for the election of President and Directors, will be held at this office, on THURSDAY, January 10, 1867, at 10 o'clock A. M.

E. WESTERVELT, Secretary.

WATCHES AND CHAINS.

Fine Swiss and American Watches, Fine Swiss and American Watches, Fine Swiss and American Watches, Fine Swiss and American Watches, Fine Swiss and American Watches, Fine Swiss and American Watches.

Also, A good supply of Chains, for sale by

J. K. REED & CO., 68 Fifth street.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS—

A large assortment of CANNED FRUITS and VEGETABLES.

NEW RAISINS, FIGS, PRUNES, CITRON and LEMON PEEL.

PREPARED MINCED MEAT, in Jars for the Pound.

For sale at the Family Grocery Store of LEWIS & McCLURE 346 Liberty street.

PITTSBURGH,

Columbus and Cincinnati R. R.

CHANGE OF TIME.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

On and after MONDAY, December 24th, 1866, Trains will arrive and depart from Union Depot, as follows:

Depart.	"Pittsburgh Time"	Arrive.
Fast Line,	2.05 a. m.	10.15 a. m.
Mail,	7.40 a. m.	4.10 p. m.
Walker's Accom'n,	11.55 a. m.	3.40 p. m.
Express,	2.30 p. m.	9.35 p. m.
Steubenville Accom'n,	2.20 p. m.	6.55 a. m.
McDonald's Accom'n,	5.05 p. m.	8.25 a. m.

W. D. MOTHERSPAUGH, Ticket Agent, Union Depot, Pittsburgh.

J. P. SUTTON, General Ticket Agent, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOLIDAY STOCK.

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, READY-MADE CLOTHING, N. GROSSMAYER & CO., NO. 47 FIFTH STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

IMMENSE STOCK OF

Clothing

TO BE SOLD DURING THE HOLIDAYS. CALL EARLY.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

AT

ERWIN, M'CONNELL & CO'S

MEN'S MERINO SOCKS, 20c.
ALL WOOL RIBBED SOCKS, 30c.
DOUBLE WIDTH EMPRESS CLOTH, 45c
HEAVY SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, 75c
COLD ARMY BLANKETS, $2 50 a pair.
WHITE ALL WOOL BLANKETS, $4 50 a pair.
GOOD FAST COLORED PRINTS, 12 1-2c.
WATERPROOF CLOTH.
FRENCH MERINOS, FINE CASSIMERES
CLOAKINGS, SHAWLS, SCARFS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, HAIR NETS, &c.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES BOTH

Wholesale and Retail,

Erwin, McConnell & Co

178 Federal Street,

ABOVE THE MARKET, ALLEGHENY.

MONEY FOR THE ENTERPRISING.

LIMING'S IMPROVED STOVE DAMPER

Checks the Draught, Regulates the Heat, Saves Fuel, Saves Money

EVERYBODY LIKES IT, EVERYBODY WANTS IT LIVE MEN MAKE MONEY BY IT, NOW IS YOUR CHANCE STATE AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE. Send Stamp for Circular, or call on

J. N. WHIDDEN, No. 11 Fifth street, Pittsburgh.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Auditors appointed to audit and settle the Bounty Accounts of the Board of School Directors of Elizabeth township, Allegheny county, will meet at the residence of Thomas Penny, in the Borough of Jacksonport, on

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 3d, 1867,

At 7 o'clock, when and where all parties interested may attend.

THOMAS PENNY, LEWIS HANEY, Auditors.

Dec. 22 1866.

A. ANDERSON, Oyster Packer, CRISFIELD, MD.,

ALL ORDERS RECEIVED AT

136 DOCK STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Oysters fresh in Cans, Kegs and Buckets, or in Shell by the barrel. These Oysters are taken from Tangier Sound, Chesapeake Bay, and guaranteed to be equal if not superior, to any in the market. By special arrangements with the express companies, those who order may rely on a constant supply and prompt delivery. TTh&S

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES WILL FIND THE

New Illustrated Religious Magazine, THE SABBATH AT HOME,

To be of the greatest value and interest. Religious Narratives, History and Biography, familiar lessons in Bible and Science, the Teachings of Nature, sentiment and inculcate, Poetry, Incident and Anecdote, will fine a place in it, as well as the graver matters of Practical Religion. Special care will be taken in the Juvenile Department to please as well as to profit the Young Folks.

THE MAGAZINE WILL BE PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED and will be printed on fine paper, with a handsomely engraved cover, in colors.

Subscription price, Two Dollars per year in advance, Two Dollars and a half after six months, or Three Dollars at the expiration of the year.

Any person sending the names of five subscribers, with Ten Dollars shall receive an extra copy for the year.

Orders should be addressed to

N. BROUGHTON, Jr., Depositary. TU,TH,S NO 28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

HOMEWOOD LAKELET ICE.

THE HOMEWOOD LAKELET ICE COMPANY is now prepared to receive orders for furnishing the FINEST QUALITY OF ICE ever offered to the public in this vicinity, from the Homewood Lakelet, between Homewood and Wilkinsburg on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and accessible by the cars, or by the Greensburg Turnpike. The Lakelet covers twelve acres of clean meadow land, and is fed by numerous clear soft water springs. The ice is as pure as crystal, being free from all impurities or foreign substances. Capacity of Ice House 2,500 tons. Address

Rev. A. J. KIRK & CO., Homewood Lakelet Ice Company, Wilkinsburg Post-office, Wilkins Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

LARD—

A FRESH LOT OF

CHOICE KETTLE RENDERED

Just Received, For sale by CHAS. G. BAILEY, 201 Liberty street.

F. H. DONALDSON, COAL COMMISSION AGENT,

Office and Landing at Cincinnati Railway Iron Works, No. 493 EAST FRONT STREET, CINCINNATI, has facilities for HANDLING COAL AND COKE, and will give the best of references. Address POST-OFFICE BOX 2,041, CINCINNATI.

M. SEARNS' Eagle Bread and Cracker Factory, NO. 446 PENN STREET, PITTSBURGH.

CHEESE—

50 BOXES GOSHEN, 100 BOXES FACTORY, 50 BOXES HAMBURG, Very fine. For sale by CHAS. G. BAILEY, 201 Liberty street.

ORPHANS' FAIR. CITY HALL. Every Evening.

SELLING OUT OF A WHOLESALE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned, having determined to quit business, offer for sale AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, their entire stock of

Ready Made Clothing, PIECE GOODS,

AS CLOTH, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, COTTONADES, JEANS, VESTINGS, &c.

Also, of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS and TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, to which they call the attention of dealers in the city and the country and the public generally.

They also offer for sale to any party or parties who wish to engage in the business, the well known establishment of twenty years' standing, with an extensive custom.

A. FROWENFELD & BRO., 137 WOOD STREET.

SHEET ZINC!

C. G. HUSSEY & CO.,

Have been appointed Agents for this Superior Zinc, manufactured at La Salle, Illinois, and now offer it in this market at the lowest CASH RATES, in packages of 25lbs 50, 100 lbs, 500 lbs.

We offer of our own manufacture

SHEET COPPER, cut to sizes as required.

SHEET BRASS AND BOTTOMS, for Still and Brew Kettles.

COPPER BOTTOMS.

SHEET PICKLING.

BRASS KETTLES, &c., and deal in METALS of all kinds.

C. G. HUSSEY & CO. 37 FIFTH STREET.

SHEPHAR

The Daily Commercial

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

AN ANCIENT MYTH MODERNIZED.

BY MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCH, AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

What, weeping, weeping, my little son,
Angry tears, like that great commander,
Alexander—
Because of dragons to left not one
To be a new Alexandria's scourge
For your soul slaying
Without delaying
On, on, on land pour?—
A knight all unmailed—a young St. George?

Come, sit on my feet, my little son,
Sit as my feet, and mend your wagon!
Full many a dragon
You'll have to fight with, ere life be done.
Nay—and I'll tell you of three or four
(Valiantest can be)
You'll have to battle,
When mother's sleeping
Where all your weeping
Will not awaken her any more.

First comes a creature whose name is Sloth,
Looks like a lizard, creeping on sleekly
Simple and weakly,
Who couldn't harm you, however wroth,
But slily him slay lad, or he'll slay you!
Crushing and shuddering,
Twisting and studding,
Break from him, tramp on him,
And so you'll conquer him.
You'll be St. George and the Dragon, anew

Then there's a monster, most fair at first,
Called Ease, or Comfort, or harmless Pleasure;
Both of mouth leasure,
On scented cushions, is nursed and nursed,
Which if you buy of him, you'll sell it, just
To catch one minute
While Vanes in it,
Or world's sorrow
Until to-morrow,
Trample him—trample him into dust!

And one, a reptile yclept False Shame,
Who slimily drags its fettered length on,
And tries its strength on
Many a knight one pure from blame,
But up and at it your counter urge!
Shame, smite, I trow, hard,
The moral coward,
By throne or altar,
And never falter,
And be a young man—lo'y brave St. George!

St. George a-ride the dragon! ah, my boy,
There are many old dragons left—world
seen one—
And few St. Georges!
There's much of labor and little joy!
But on with you—on to the endless fight!
Your sword, light buckling,
To your arm tight tucking,
Set your bright flag on,
And slay your dragon.
St. George forever! God shield the right!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HARMONY SOCIETY AT ECONOMY, PENNA. Founded by George Rapp, A. D. 1805. With an appendix. By Aaron Williams, D. D.

This unpretending and interesting little volume has been left too long without particular notice in our columns. A considerable portion of the contents originally appeared in the form of contributions from time to time in the COMMERCIAL,—contributions which, we have reason to believe, attracted considerable attention, and were perused with very general interest. This was to be expected in the immediate vicinity of the remarkable and well-known Society, of which the papers gave some account. These articles, somewhat extended, are embraced in the volume before us. An appendix is added, which is intended and serves to illustrate several of the statements of the text, and to give completeness to the treatment of the subject. Though Dr. Williams's immediate object when he began to write about the Economy Society, was merely to correct an injurious misrepresentation of its character and principles which had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we doubt not that, in enlarging his plan and in presenting a pretty full account of George Rapp and the community which he founded, the author has supplied a real want. Everybody interested in the great subject of Sociology, who has heard of the Economy Society as a communistic establishment of more than half a century's duration, must feel some curiosity to know how it began and how it has been conducted. And this little book must be especially welcome to all intelligent persons who have ever visited the Teutonic village on the Ohio—with its silent, grass-grown streets, and quaint houses, reminding them of hamlets by the Rhine or the *Rauhe Alps* which they have seen or read of. Nor is it unlikely that "the instinctive desire which exists in men *to look at* any man who has become distinguished," must frequently start the reader of Byron in search of information about "Rapp the Harmonist." *In truth*, whoever is interested *in man and his history*, will find this book entertaining and instructive. Under Dr. Williams's guidance we see these industrious, and useful communists, our neighbors, historically traced backward through time until they are brought into a certain connection with men and events to which a world-wide interest and significance attach. They come from "the old Wurtemberg Land," which is a portion of "the Swabenland" so renowned in the history and in the song of Germany. Old Wurtemberg, that land of mountains and valleys and forests—the Black Forest sending ramifications to its center—is regarded throughout Germany, as imparting a peculiar and very distinctive character to its inhabitants. They have always been noted for strength of will, originality, and consequent independence of character, and besides for an exceedingly poetical and imaginative intuition of the world. Wieland, Schubart, Scheller, and William Hauff, are only a few of the poets Wurtemberg has produced. The famous critics Eichhorn, Paulus, Strauss and Baur were natives of the same region,—all of these daring and powerful innovators and revolutionists in their departments of pursuit. M. Wurtemberg, also lived and labored and wrote John Albrecht Bengel, the commentator on the New Testament, who has been called "the Spencer of Southern Germany," and "the Patriarch of Swabian Pietism." He died in 1752. The religious impression which he produced upon his contemporaries was profound, and his influence continued to work powerfully upon his native land within the present century. Among all the Protestant countries of Germany, Wurtemberg was the one whose university—that of Lubingen—longest resisted the encroachments of rationalism, a circumstance which a distinguished German historian ascribes to the influence of Bengel. Of this Wurtemberger population, thus naturally characterized, and thus more than a century ago brought under the influence of the rarest Christianity of Bengel and his school, the Harmony Society is a colony. In spiritual earnestness they may have deteriorated in this country, we know not; but there can be no doubt as to the sincerity, self-denial, and loyalty to conscience, by which the original emigrants were animated. Indeed there is some evidence in their more recent history of their continued possession of a good measure of the same fervid faith which prompted their first proceedings. George Rapp was certainly a remarkable man; a strong will, talent to organize, power to see the distant and the future as if they were present, eloquence to persuade, "an eye to threaten and command," all these high endowments must have belonged to him. We have been told that he used to amuse his leisure with the study of the works of Emanuel Kant, a circumstance which seems to justify the inference that he could think as well as dream and perform. The volume before us contains a sketch of Rapp's career in Germany of the circumstances that led to the emigration, of the hardships undergone by the company in their early settlement, of their migrations, of their industry in its various branches, of their troubles with Count Leon, of their law-suits and annoyances from seceders; in a word we have here a complete history of the society from its beginning until the present time, together with a very full statement of the religious views held by its members. We may add that the style of the book is free, direct and vigorous, that the narrative possesses considerable variety and is enlivened by an occasional anecdote. See, for example, on page twenty-tieth, the account of the interview between the great Napoleon and Johannes Gossele in the presence of the Duke of Wurtemberg. The work is for sale at Pittock's

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.—The *North British Review* says: "The pressing need of our faith is not simply faithful evangelists to proclaim its doctrines, but legions of men consecrating their worldly vocations, witnessing to that truth on which much skepticism prevails, that Christianity, so received as to become an integral part of a man, is omnipotent to keep him from the evil, not by taking him out of the world, but by making him victorious over it. He is most worthy disciple of Christ who, like Paliesy, or Buxton, or Budgett, or Perthes, exhibits religion as the right use of a man's whole self—that combining which gives dignity and nobility to what is in itself sordid and earthly—as the mainspring of earnest and successful striving after loftier ends and a purer life—as the power, one-sided or of and within man, which, lifting up conduct in the individual, raises the community—and not as a state of mind mystical, and in active life unfathomable, high up among things intangible, separated from contact with work-a-day life, appropriate to Sabbath days and special hours, to leisure, old age and death beds. Every man who is diligent in business, serving the Lord, is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of Christ's religion, a preacher of righteousness in scenes where none can preach so effectually or so well."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—Lowell belongs by birth and culture to the real aristocracy of New England. He is about forty-eight years of age, of medium stature, and of good mould; has dark auburn hair, touched with silver, and worn long; he wears a full beard, has regular features, lighted with large dreamy eyes; and, unlike many of his brother bards, he looks the poet that he is.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Has proved itself to be the most perfect preparation for the Hair ever offered to the public.

It is a Vegetable compound, and contains no injurious properties whatever.

IT WILL RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

It will keep the Hair from coming out.

It cleanses the scalp and makes the hair soft, lustrous and silken.

It is a splendid hair dressing.

No person, old or young, should fail to use it.

IT IS RECOMMENDED AND USED BY THE FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

☞ Ask for Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and take no other.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., Proprietors.

For sale by all druggists. sel5-m-r-f-w-&w

☞ "A VALUABLE MEDICINE."—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its use in all those cases of, disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*New York Independent*.

The great New England Remedy, DR. J. W. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND, is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which its pitch it derives its virtues.

The WHITE PINE COMPOUND cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Seeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and in her complaints. For Female Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried medicine. It is a pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

no7-y10 Tu Th S

☞ METCALFE'S GREAT RHEUMATIC REMEDY.—This new and wonderful medicine acts like magic, curing rheumatism, if years standing in a few days. JOSEPH FLEMING, Agent, 84 Market street. oct22

AMUSEMENTS.

PITTSBURGH THEATER.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. HENDERSON.

HOLIDAY WEEK.

Engagement of the great Equestrian Actress,

MISS KATE FISHER,

And her highly trained Horse, WONDER, who will appear on TUESDAY EVENING,

MAZEPPA;

OR, THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.

THIS (Christmas) AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, Grand Matinee performance of MAZEPPA.

GERMAN THEATER.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 25,

GRAND MATINEE,
GRAND MATINEE.

On which occasion, for the first time, the grand comic piece, entitled

LUMPAEI VAGABUNDIS.

☞ Office open at 1 o'clock. Performance to commence at 2 o'clock.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, Dec. 26,

THE CRICKET.
THE CRICKET.

TRIPP'S VARIETIES.

FRED. AMS.....Manager.

A GRAND HOLIDAY FESTIVAL.

First appearance of the beautiful and dashing dancer, M'LLE BARTEE and the unequalled Ethiopian Delineator, Master WM. HARRIS, supported by a strong company of Stars, will appear this evening in the laughable and side-splitting drama called PEEPING AT HOME. Matinee—Two Grand Performances this Afternoon and Evening.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

FIRST BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, Dec 24 and 25,

AT THE NEW CHAPEL,

FOURTH STREET, between Ross and Grant.

Oysters in every style, by experienced cooks, and served in the best manner.

Ice Cream, Confectionery, Useful, Fancy and Ornamental Articles, which will be sold at reasonable figures.

There will be Vocal and Instrumental Music and a good dinning may be expected.

Tickets of admission, one dime. Meal tickets fifty cents.

CITY BILL POSTER.

☞ JAMES THACKERY

No. 1, Johnson's Court, Diamond Alley, rear of Opera House.

Merchants and others wishing work done, small show bills posted in remote places in this city, Allegheny and Birmingham, will be promptly attended to by leaving their orders at the "Commercial" office. I rent by the year the principal corners in the city, and have the exclusive use of the same. ja26-1y

IMPORTANT

TO

BRICK MAKERS.

30,000 BRICK

IN TEN HOURS,

WITH EIGHT MEN!

SWORD'S STEAM POWER

BRICK MACHINE,

MANUFACTURED BY

The Pittsburgh Brick Machine

AND

BRICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

For Eastern, Middle and South Eastern States.

This Machine is Self-Tempering, costs only $1 500, (Risk to me being proportioned to extent and population of Territory,) is run by an 8 inch cylinder engine, wears all kinds of clay, mixes it, and when pressed in steel moulds, requires only eight men to dig the clay, feed the grinder, take away the bricks and bake them in the yard, and makes brick as fast you wish in the engine. In our own yard, our rate of making is from 45 to 50 a minute. We claim this to be the best PAYING Machine in use.

A machine may be seen in operation in our yard, at Glenwood, 4 miles above the city, on the north side of the Monongahela river, reached by the Connellsville Railroad. Machines, Yard, County and State Rights for sale.

For full information apply for circulars in person or by letter at the office. We are prepared to fill large contracts of brick. Samples of the brick to be seen at 70 Fifth street and the Office.

Address the PITTSBURGH BRICK MACHINE AND BRICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Office,

359 LIBERTY ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. M. Kier, President. A. Ackler, Vice President; W. M. M'Cracken, Treasurer; S. A. Sheppard, Secretary.

Directors—S. M. Kier, A. Ackley, W. R. Brickell, John Aiken, W. M. Culp.

OFFICE OF MILITARY STOREKEEPER U. S. ARMY, } Pittsburgh, Pa., December 19, 1866. }

SALE OF

GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.

Will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY the 29th day of December, 1866, at the Government Warehouse, rear street opposite the Freight Depot of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago R. R., the following unserviceable Clothing and Camp Equipage, viz:

838 Wool Army Blankets, 6 Infty Great Coats,
20 Pairs Stockings, 32 Blouses, (unlined),
9 Do Mittens, 30 Drawers,
11 Uniform Dress Coats, 310 Forage Caps,
4 Jackets (artillery), 80 Canteens,
1 Do (Infantry),

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

Terms Cash, United States Currency. By order of Capt. GEORGE E. ALDEN,

Depot Quartermaster.

M. E. LUCAS, Captain and Military Storekeeper.

WETTACH & MEANOR,

SUCCESSORS TO

CHESSMAN & CLARK,

Manufacturers of Oak Leather Belting, No. 11 Ohio street, Allegheny City, Pa., and a full assortment of the Belting constantly on hand, at

G. H. ANDERSON,

No. 189 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S.—We still retain G. O. CLARK as Superintendent.

CEMENT. CEMENT.

BEST UNIONTOWN HYDRAULIC CEMENT always on hand and for sale by

CHAS. B. LEECH,

my19-6 m Was No. 118 Second st

LARD OIL.

25 BARRELS

Made expressly for Winter use, and warranted pure. For sale low by

CHAS. C. BALSLEY,

204 Liberty street.

SUNDRIES.

250 casks Soda Ash, 100 casks Pearl Ash,
500 Pigs Lead, 200 bxs White Lime,
50 bbls Calcined Cream Tartar,
25 bbls Pearl Hominy, 20 bbls Sorghum,
25 bbls New Dried Peaches, 500 bxs Cheese,

In store and for sale by J. B. CANFIELD & SON.

W. BITTNER, WOLFF, DUFF & CO., Origin of the Anvil, Importers and Dealers in HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

Three doors above St. Charles Hotel, No. 80 WOOD STREET, Pittsburgh.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.

C. D. HESS.....Director

THIS CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, Grand Gala Fashionable Matinee of the great romance of the

THREE GUARDSMEN.

TO-NIGHT, the Comic Christmas Night Bill; two splendid performances.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS,

MR. J. C. M'COLLOM.

And a strong cast from the Opera House Company, in THE HUNCHBACK.

Performance to conclude with the splendid comedy of WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN.

Between the pieces Mr. Miller Beall, in his song of "Lora Lovell;" Miss Lulia Sylvester, in dashes of "Fallen Hornpipe."

Wednesday, Mrs. Bowers' specialty of Lady Audley, in the Mystery of Audley Court.

MASONIC HALL.

A Crowded House and an Unqualified Success.

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS

GIVE A

GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE,

AND

Santa Claus Festival,

CHRISTMAS, AT 2 P. M.

An immense number of splendid Christmas Gifts, will be given away among the audience. In the EVENING the first present will be a splendid case of Work. A Santa Claus at the conclusion of the drawing of the Prizes, at 9 o'clock. All may Dance Without extra charge.

Admission to Matinee 25 cts; Children, 15 cts. Evening 35 cts; Children, 25 cts. Doors open at 7 P. M. Performance commences at 7½. Dancing at 9.

COTTON MILLS.

JOSHUA RHODES.....P. W. H. LATSHAW.....JACOB ANDERSON

EAGLE

COTTON WORKS.

Having recently purchased the EAGLE COTTON WORKS, formerly owned by Messrs. King & Pentecost, we respectfully inform the public that we are continuing the

MANUFACTURE OF

Sheetings,

COTTON YARNS,

CARPET CHAIN,

Candle Wick and Batting.

Orders may be left at the Office of the Works, corner of ISABELLA and SANDUSKY STREETS, Allegheny City, or at the PITTSBURGH BREWERY, corner of DUQUESNE WAY and BANKERS' ALLEY, Pittsburgh.

JOSHUA RHODES & CO.

FRANKLIN COTTON WORKS

WEST CANAL STREET,

Between Robinson and Lacock streets, Allegheny

Having recently leased the above Mills, we are now prepared to manufacture

Cotton Yarn, Carpet Chain,
Coverlet Yarn, Candlewick,
Twine, Batting,
Cotton Wraps, &c., &c.

WEST CANAL STREET, between Robinson and Lacock, Allegheny city, Pa.

P S—All orders by mail promptly attended to.

nov5-vm

COPARTNERSHIP.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE—

JAMES M. CHRISTY has purchased the interest of JOHN HALL in the firm of Jean Hall & Co., the name and style of the firm will be JOHN HALL & CO., as heretofore.

JAMES M. CHRISTY,
STEPHEN WOODS,
THOMAS HALL,
JAMES J. BROWN.

December 1, 1866

Valley Forge Plow Works,

121 and 123 Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

JOHN HALL & CO.,

Manufacturers of all Varieties of Northern and Southern

PLOWS, UNION MOWERS, SULKY HAY RAKES, CULTIVATORS, &c.,

And dealers in AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all descriptions.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

We have this day associated ourselves in the manufacture of Wrought Iron Welded Tubing, A. PILSON DALZELL and ROBERT H. DALZELL. The business of the firm will hereafter be conducted under the name and style of

EVANS, CLOW, DALZELL & CO.

EVANS & CLOW.

Pittsburgh, December 6, 1866.

JOHN EVANS.....A. PILSON DALZELL,
J. B. CLOW.....ROBERT H. DALZELL.

CRESCENT TUBE WORKS.

EVANS, CLOW, DALZELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WROUGHT IRON WELDED TUBES,

FOR STEAM, WATER, GAS, &c.

LIGHT ARTESIAN TUBING,

FOR OIL WELLS.

Galvanized Tubing.

ALL SIZES, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Warehouse, No. 14 Market St., cor. First.

☞ BEST AMERICAN IRON used, and all work warranted.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned having purchased the stock and machinery of the late FREDERICK ARSCHLEMANN, have, on the first day of October, 1866, entered into a partnership under the style of

HARPER, GUTMAN & CO.,

FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF

WAGONS, &c.,

At the old established Stands of Frederick Arschlemann and Thomas Harper, on Beaver street, Manchester, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage hitherto so liberally bestowed.

THOMAS HARPER,
A. ANTHONY GUTMAN,
ADAM ARSCHLEMANN.

oct8-ym

EDUCATIONAL.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,

Chester, Delaware County, Pa.

The duties of this institution will be resumed on

Thursday, January 3, 1867.

A staff of thoroughly educated and experienced Professors conduct the English, Classical, Scientific, Mathematical and Military Departments of the Academy.

Strict attention is given to the Moral and Religious Instruction of cadets.

For Circulars apply to the following patrons of the Academy, in Pittsburgh:

Charles H. Paulson, Esq., Jos. Woodwell, Esq.,
J. W. Woodwell, Esq., Isaac Jones, Esq.,
Robert Wilson, Esq., Robert Dickey, Esq.,
Jno. S. Willock, Esq., W. S. Haven, Esq.,
S. S. Fowler, Esq., Hon. J. P. Penney, or to
col THEO. HYATT, President P. M. A.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

MILITARY ACADEMY,

AT

Evergreen Hamlet,

NEAR PITTSBURGH.

This Institution is now in successful operation, and a few more Pupils can be comfortably accommodated.

Circulars with full part-culars, regulations, terms, &c., will be sent on application to

T. F. LEHMANN, A. M.,

Late Colonel 102d Penna. Vols.

Box 498, Allegheny City, Pa., or WM. A. SHINN, No. 120 Fourth street.

JOHN D. BAILEY,

Stock and Real Estate Broker.

JOHN D. BAILEY,

Stock and Real Estate Broker

AND AUCTIONEER.

Having taken out a Commission as Auctioneer, and effected an arrangement with the Pittsburgh Board of Trade, securing the use of their Rooms above the THIRD NATIONAL BANK, I am now prepared to sell at Public Auction.

Stocks, Bonds.

Securities.

Real Estate, &c.,

Either at the above Rooms, or on the premises. Particular attention paid, as heretofore, to the sale of REAL ESTATE, at Private Sale.

Sales of Real Estate in the country attended.

Office: 102 FOURTH STREET.

DESIRABLE SITES FOR

COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

On account of the inclemency of the weather, on Tuesday last, the sale of those desirable Building Lots, from two to three acres each, on the Perrysville Plank road, one mile from Allegheny City, was adjourned. The lots are now offered at private sale. Terms—One half cash; balance in two, three, four and five years with interest. For plots of the property and further particulars, apply to JOHN D. BAILEY,

No. 102 Fourth street.

FOR SALE—

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. That large and elegant THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, No. 121 Penn street, containing eleven rooms two bath rooms and two water closets; also finished attic. Lot 46x160, to an alley. The house is furnished with a heater and all modern conveniences. Brick stable and Carriage House on the alley.

JOHN D. BAILEY,

Stock and Real Estate Broker

no19 No. 102 Fourth street.

FOR SALE—

DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS

FOR COUNTRY RESIDENCES, at Millvale Station on Pennsylvania Railroad: 1 Lot 80 acres with Brick House containing four rooms; 3 Lots, 3 Acres each, all within three minutes' walk of Millvale Station and six minutes walk of Horse Railroad. For further particulars inquire of ISAAC M. PENNOCK No. 29 Wood street, or JOHN D. BAILEY,

No. 102 Fourth street.

FOR SALE—112 ACRES OF GOOD

tillable land, all level and under a high state of cultivation. 100 acres cleared, and can be worked to a mowing machine. Large two-story frame house and large frame barn. Good orchard of all kinds of fruit. The place is well watered with never failing springs. Good well at the door. Situate one mile from New Brighton, adjoining the borough line of Fallston. The place is underlaid with a 3½ foot vein of good bituminous coal, underneath which is a vein of fire clay from 10 to 15 feet, fronting on the Beaver river.

JOHN D. BAILEY,

Stock and Real Estate Broker,

oct No. 102 Fourth street.

A FULL STOCK OF

COAL OIL LAMPS,

In store and for sale by

COOK BROS. & CO.,

345 Liberty street.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

ATTRACTIONS

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS.

Good,

Useful,

Handsome and

Enduring

CHRISTMAS

AND

New Year

PRESENTS.

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR

Holiday Stock of

CHICKERING & SONS

AND

W. P. EMERSON'S

PIANOS,

AND

Mason & Hamlin's

CABINET ORGANS,

Which will be the Finest Collection of these Instruments ever Exhibited in this City.

THE GREAT

Chickering Pianos,

Which have been before the public for nearly half a century, still maintain their supremacy, being the Piano always used by the world's great artists and our best amateurs, as well as our own music loving citizens. The fact that over 2,000 Chickering Pianos have been sold at this Agency, is proof positive of the high estimation in which they are held by our citizens. So great is the demand all over the country for the Chickering Pianos, that it is an impossibility to fill orders with any degree of promptness, and it is only by a very especial favor of the manufacturers that we have secured the present superb lot for the Holidays, which will be constantly arriving from now to the 20th inst., and comprises the choicest styles that are made.

Prices same as at the Factory.

The Unapproachable

EMERSON PIANOS.

The Cheapest Good Piano Made.

The Emerson Piano supplies a long and severely felt want—that is, a good, well made, fine toned, and lasting instrument at a moderate price. They are made of the most thoroughly seasoned wood, after the most approved scales, by a scientific manufacturer; have over-strung bass, felt hammers, iron frame, and all modern improvements. The furniture is of chaste and elegant design, finished in best rosewood, finely varnished and polished. The great success we have had with the Emerson Pianos is due to their great merits. The public having given them a trial, has found they are worthy of confidence, and are buying as fast as we can get them from the factory.

Prices about one half what is asked for the most renowned makes.

We warrant them for Five Years.

THE SWEET-TONED

Mason & Hamlin

CABINET ORGAN,

The Most Perfect Instrument Ever Made,

That should and surely will be found in every Church, Sabbath School, Drawing Room, and Parlor, being alike suitable for Sacred or Secular, Vocal or Instrumental. Quick or Slow Music. To bring them *within the reach of everybody*, M. & H. now make them as low as $75, and their list comprises over THIRTY different styles, ranging from $75 to $1,000, all of which can be found at our rooms, and may be purchased at the *same prices as at the factory*.

We want to do the largest Holiday trade this season ever done during our long established business, and we know we can only do so by offering great inducements, which we do, as our stock is unusually large, and we have cut down prices to the very lowest figures. We hope to have all the public call at our rooms, whether they want to buy or not, and we shall be happy to show them our entire stock.

Sheet Music

AND

MUSICAL GOODS,

In Great Variety,

FOR

Presents.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

81

WOOD STREET,

BETWEEN

Diamond Alley and Fourth St.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

C. C. Mellor & Co.,

SOLE AGENTS

FOR

Chickering & Sons' Pianos,

Emerson's Pianos, and

Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs.

DRY GOODS.

BATES & BELL'S,
BATES & BELL'S.

GENERAL REDUCTION

OF

WINTER GOODS.

MERINOS,
EMPRESS CLOTHS,
VICTORIA CORDS,
SILK REPPS,
SCOTCH PLAIDS,
POPLIN PLAIDS,
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
BLANKETS,
COVERLETS.

BATES & BELL,
BATES & BELL.

DRY GOODS.

WHOLESALE.

M'ELROY, DICKSON

AND

COMPANY,

54

Wood St.,

PITTSBURGH,

OFFER AT ALL TIMES

GOOD GOODS

AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

Terms - - CASH.

S. B. M'ELROY,
JAMES DICKSON,
JOHN T. SHANE.

no2

JOHN PORTER,

Retail Dry Goods, 91 Market St.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,
LACE COLLARS,
DRESS GOODS,
FINE SILKS,
CHOICE POPLINS,
SHAWLS, SCARFS,
SUPERIOR GLOVES,
QUILTS, BLANKETS, &c.

JOHN PORTER,

91 MARKET ST.

M W F

JOSEPH HORNE & CO.,

Millinery Goods, 77 & 79 Market st.

AT

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S,

77 and 79 MARKET STREET,

Heavy Wool Undershirts,
Heavy Wool Drawers,
Canton Flannel Drawers,
Shaker Knit Socks,
Fur Gloves, Calf Gloves, Buck Gloves,
Cloth Gloves,
Wool Scarfs, Wool Shawls,
Balmoral Skirts, in all grades,
Real Lace Handkerchiefs,
Imitation Lace Handkerchiefs,
Fancy Linen Handkerchiefs,
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
Hem's Fine Hem'd Handkerchiefs,
Real Lace Collars, Cluny Lace Collars,
Linen Collars and Cuffs,
Belt Clasps, Silk Belting,
Fancy Combs, Fancy Satchels,
Bonnet Velvets, Plumes,
Sash Ribbons, Head Nets,

And a general assortment of FANCY ARTICLES for the Holidays.

☞ WHOLESALE ROOMS UP STAIRS.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

77 and 79 MARKET STREET.

MACRUM & CARLISLE'S

Trimming Store, 19 Fifth Street.

MACRUM & CARLISLE,

19 FIFTH STREET.

MAGNIFICENT

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

English, French and American

FANCY GOODS.

Rich Jewel and Work Boxes,
Watch, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes;
Ring and Perfumery Stands;
Cigar Stands, Dressing Cases;
Fine Satin Bell Drapes, Albums;
Bog wood and Jet Jewelry, new;
Fine Morocco Wallets and Bags.

We are also opening a choice collection of

Real and Imitation Lace Goods:
Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs;
Ladies' Fine Cashmere Scarfs,
Fine cloth and Kid Gloves;
Coquet and Skating Hose,

UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS—a complete stock,
EAR MUFFS—a new article.

MACRUM & CARLISLE

Are Sole Agents in this city for the Lockwood Cloth-lined and all Paper Collars; Sharp's Patent Dags and Direction Labels; Gray Moulded Paper Collars; The Linen Imitation Collar; The "Star" Shirt—warranted a perfect fit.

BRAILEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SKIRT.

All sizes, to dealers at Manufacturers' prices.

BALMORAL SKIRTS.

Our entire stock at less than half their cost.

Merchants and Dealers will find our prices much reduced and many articles at less than cost to reduce our stock.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing to make Holiday Presents will find many useful and suitable articles at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

MACRUM & CARLISLE,

19 Fifth Street.

H. OPPENHEIMER & CO,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, 83 Wood St.

PLAIN AND RIBBED

WHITE, RED AND SHETLAND WOOL

SHIRTS

AND

DRAWERS.

LINED BUCK AND KID

GLOVES.

MUFFLERS,
SCARFS,
FOOT MUFFS,
DRESSING CASES, &c.

H. OPPENHEIMER & CO.

83 WOOD STREET.

THE

GROVER & BAKER

Has stood the Test on every conceivable kind of work, and has outlived the criticisms and envy of all its opponents and rivals. For sale at

NO. 18 FIFTH STREET,

no9 near Wood.

BANKS AND BANKERS.

THIRD

NATIONAL BANK,

OF PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Cor. of Wood St., and Virgin Alley.

United States Depository.

WILLIAM E. SCHMERTZ, President.
JNO. B. LIVINGSTON, Cashier.
C. M. SEIBERT, Assistant Cashier.

Accounts of Bankers, Bankers and others solicited.

☞ Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

Prompt attention given to all business of correspondents. no10-y-a

PITTSBURGH

NATIONAL BANK

OF

COMMERCE,

COR. OF WOOD AND FIFTH STS.,

Capital - - $500,000.

Discounts Daily at 11 A. M.

OFFICERS:

A. PATTERSON, President. JOSEPH H. HILL, Cashier.
JOSEPH E. CURRY, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

ALFRED PATTERSON, WILLIAM REED,
WM. H. BROWN, WILLIAM DOUGLASS,
WM. S. HAVEN,
JAS. McCANDLESS, of McCandless, Jamison & Co.
CHAS. LOCKHART, of Lockhart & Frew.
JNO. MELLON, of Kirkpatrick & Mellon.
ALLEN KIRKPATRICK, of Kirkpatrick, Hutton & Co. no7-tf-w-1m

WINSLOW, LANIER & CO.,

BANKERS,

Owing to alterations in progress at their late office have REMOVED to the Rooms lately occupied by the Fourth National Bank,

NOS. 27 AND 29 PINE STREET,

NEW YORK.

Interest allowed on Deposits. no15

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, PA. (late Pittsburgh True Company) Capital $500,000, paid in, with privilege to increase to $1,000,000.

The Pittsburgh True Company having organized under the Act to provide a National Currency, qualify its title of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, would respectfully offer its services for solicitation of Loans, Drafts, Exchange, Coin, to receive money on Deposit, and buy and sell Securities on all parts of the country.

The experience which has attended the Pittsburgh True Company since its organization in 1852, will, we believe, be a sufficient guarantee that business entrusted to the new organization will receive the same personal attention.

Having a very extensive correspondence with Boston and Bankers throughout the country, we believe we can offer unusual facilities to those who do business with us.

The business will be conducted by the same officers & Directors.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LAUGHLIN, ALEX. SPEER,
SAMUEL HAYS, FRANCIS G. BAILEY,
THOMAS BELL, JOHN H. KAUFFMAN,
THOS. WHITEMAN, JOHN WILSON,
WM. K. NIMICK,
JAMES LAUGHLIN, President.
JOHN D. SCULLY, Cashier.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

LADIES' WATCHES,
LADIES' WATCHES.
AND FINE
GOLD CHAINS.

A new and handsome stock just received by

DUNSEATH & CO.,

56 FIFTH STREET.

THE CELEBRATED

Gorham Manufacturing Co.'s

SILVERWARE,

IN VARIETY, SUITABLE FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

H. RICHARDSON & CO.,

Corner Fifth and Market Sts.

SARVER & BROWN,

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, &C.

NO. 49 FEDERAL ST. bet. Lacock & Robinson.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

Solid Jewelry made to order. Repairing promptly attended to. oct22-ym Tu Th S

WILL T. WILEY,

WATCHES, JEWELRY &c.,

91 MARKET ST.

WYLIE STREET, near Fifth.

oct9 Tu Th S

MEDICAL.

WM. J. KANE.....SAM'L H. DAUTY

KANE & DRUIT,

Corner Federal and Lacock streets,

ALLEGHENY, PA.,

Wholesale & Retail Druggists,

Dealers in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Drugs, Dye stuffs, Carbon Oil, &c. Standard and Patent Medicines. Their stock is large and well selected, and will be sold as low as any house in the West. oct24

J. C. MATTERN,

DRUGGIST,

Cor. Smithfield and Third sts.

SPECIAL ATTENTION DEVOTED TO

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS,

AND FAMILY RECIPES.

195

PARK & BRILL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 77 FEDERAL STREET,

mh10 near Depot, Allegheny city, Pa.

ATTORNEYS.

CLAIM AGENT.

CLAIMS AGAINST STATE AND GENERAL GOVERNMENT FOR BACK PAY, BOUNTIES AND PENSIONS, collected and prosecuted promptly, secured. No charge unless successful.

L. P. STONE,

Attorney-at-Law,

118 DIAMOND ST., PITTSBURGH.

no27 ym-eod

THOMAS M. MARSHALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CORNER FIFTH AND GRANT STREETS,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

COAL, COKE AND LIME.

WM. M. CLANEY.....WARDER CUMMINS.
R. N. HUNTSMAN.....C. L. MILLER.

WM. M. CLANEY & CO.,

Gas Coal Works,

SHIPPERS AND DEALERS IN

SUPERIOR GAS AND FAMILY COAL, NUT COAL AND SLACK. Postoffice address box 587 Pittsburgh, and Lock Box 67 Allegheny City.

GENERAL OFFICE, second story, Pittsburgh Savings Bank Building, corner Liberty street and Virgin alley, Pittsburgh. BRANCH OFFICES, No. 5 Liberty street, under Penn's R. R., opposite Mechanic street, Pittsburgh, and corner Anderson street and P. F. W. & C. R. R., Allegheny. All orders left at either the above places will receive prompt attention.

FORT PITT COAL COMPANY.

Shippers and dealers in Superior Family and Steam Coal, Nut Coal and Slack. General office, second story Pittsburgh savings Bank Building, corner Liberty street and Virgin alley. Branch office corner Third and Third street, Pittsburgh. Orders left at either of the above places will receive prompt attention.

Postoffice Address, Box 587, Pittsburgh.

DIRECTORS:

J. J. GILLESPIE, S. L. FAHNESTOCK,
S. M. KIER, WM. RIDDLE,
GEO. S. HEAD, JAS. MONTGOMERY,
W. T. BRYANT, LUCIUS O'BRIEN HAYS.

The Daily Commercial

CITY MATTERS.

Sabbath School Re-Union.

In accordance with the annual custom of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church, the children connected with the Sabbath Schools met last evening in their school room and were each presented with a box of confectioneries. The room had been tastefully decked with evergreens, wreaths, mottoes, etc., and a beautiful Christmas tree completed a prominent position. About four hundred children were present, and their happy countenances gave ample evidence that the occasion was to them a happy one. After singing and singing Rev. Wm. A. Passavant, D. D., favored pastor of the church, delivered a very interesting address. The D ctor, in the course of his remarks, gave a humorous description of how a school master in Luther county had been turned out of the school room on Christmas morning, forty years ago, for refusing to celebrate it as a holiday, the result of which was the source of much merriment. The occasion was one that will be remembered by the children.

A number of the members connected with the First Methodist Church Sunday School, on Fifth street, will be held this morning at ten o'clock. Interesting addresses will be made, and the children will be furnished with refreshments. The trustees of the Allegheny Orphan Asylum will be present by invitation.

A SURE PILE CURE.—Dr. Gilbert's Pile Ointment positively cures the worst cases of piles, recent by mail, on receipt of fifty cents. Sold by Druggists. Agent wanted everywhere. Address J. H. Johnston, Manager, 9 Williams way, New York.

The Great Medical Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1867, for distribution, gratis, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man, and the calculations have been made for each meridian and latitude, so as most suitable for a correct and complete guide to NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The universal use, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and a tentative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with valuable recipes, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of this year, it must be the most useful, and may be had for the asking. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburgh, Pa., or to the nearest agent for HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village in the United States.

FOR SALE--REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE OR RENT—

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

This is a Large Stone Building, with large brick attachment in the rear, the whole containing 21 Rooms, with all the necessary accommodations for a House, a large Stable, sufficient for the accommodation of thirty horses. This property is situated on the immediate east of the Steamboat and Ferry landing, has been doing a good business, and is offered for sale on very reasonable terms and, if not sold before the first of February, will be rented. For further particulars address S. S. QUEST,

Real Estate Agent, Wellsburg, W. Va.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—NO. 111 Fourth street, between Wood and Smithfield streets, fronting on Fourth street 30 feet, running through to Hamilton alley 80 feet. Coal House thereon, a three story warehouse on Fourth street, a one story dwelling on Hamilton alley, and two tenements in the rear of same. Possession given on the 1st of April next. Also, the property will be for rent. Inquire of R. G. & G. SPROUL,

Attorney-at-Law, No. 99 Fourth street.

LAND FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale several very valuable FARMS, situated in Monroeville, Allegheny county, and Adams township, Butler county. Two of these Farms lie in Allegheny county, one on the Pennsville and Plum Creek Plank Road and on which there is a large portion of cleared land, under good cultivation. It is also well watered, and has the farm situate in Butler county, adjoining those already described, bounded by property of the said road and Franklin road, and very desirable for grazing and agricultural purposes, having a due proportion of cleared and well improved land on each of the Farms. There are also a number of small lots in Monroeville, one of which has a Grist Mill, and on the headwaters of Swickley Creek, possessing valuable water power, on which there are portions of cleared land, all of which are in good state of cultivation, and well calculated for grazing or farming purposes.

The lands all lie within eighteen miles of Allegheny City, many of acres having landing contiguous to any of the tracts, all of which are well watered and have abundance of timber. The lands are offered for sale by the original Patentee, and never before offered for sale. Any person wishing to purchase a tract or tracts of said lands, will call on ALEXANDER HILAND, of Pittsburgh, who can inform them of the prices and terms of said situation, &c. S. G. DUTTON,

CHAS. LITTLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12th, 1866. nov21-3tdaw

PREEMPTORY S—

GLASS CO.'S WORKS,

AT

Otsego and Morrisville, below Navy Yard.

On SATURDAY, December 29th, 1866, at 12 o'clock at the Philadelphia Glass Co.'s Works, corner of Otsego and Morrisville, below Navy Yard, will be sold (on account of whom it may concern) to the highest bidder, the

Lease, Stocks, Fixtures, Tools,

And all the property and effects of the Company, consisting of one 4 Pot, and one 8 Pot Furnace, 5 Annealing Kilns, Pots, Gut-moils, Clay, Sand (all sort of Stone for use) Fireproof Tools, Glass Cutters' Bottom Tin Castings, Tables Moulds for Rough Plate Glass, and for Bottles, Shades, Lamps, Fruit, Preserve and Wine Carafes, Pitchers, Tumblers, Vases (Large Assortment) Glass Cutters' Wheels, Patent Rights, and all the Fixtures of the Company. s.w

FOR SALE—

All the fixtures and appurtenances of an

OIL REFINERY,

consisting of Tanks, Pipes, one Still, hand Agitator, &c., &c., situated on the Pittsburgh and Erie Railroad, Oakgrave, near Laughlin's Station, on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad. Apply to

JOHN TORRENCE,

No. 104 Fourth street.

m7-tf

FOR SALE—

Thirteen Acres of excellent Land, property of the late John S. Cragmile, situate at the foot of Squirrel Hill, and within five minutes' walk of Laughlin's Station, on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad, especially suitable for

Vineyard Purposes and Building Lots

For terms, &c., apply to JOHN TORRENCE, No. 104 Fourth street. M7-tf

FOR SALE.

One Large

BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

situated in the Borough of Freedom, Beaver county, Pa., containing Two Rooms, Hall and Coal House on a cistern. The house is forty-two feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, and was erected the first day of April, 1867. Inquire of

MCCLURG & KNOX, Freedom, Pa.

FOR SALE A VERY DESIRABLE PRIVATE DWELLING HOUSE Frame, of seven rooms and finished garret, all completed in the best style. There is a Stable and Hen House on the lot and a pump at the kitchen door. The lot is 24 by 110 feet, and possession can be had at once by the year. The street is graded and curbed. This property is situated on Washington street, in the borough of Manchester and will be sold low and on reasonable terms if applied for soon. Inquire of or address Real Estate and Insurance Office of G. S. BATES, Butler street, near Allen, Lawrence county, Pa.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—One of the most desirable FARMS in Columbiana county, Ohio, two miles northwest of Salem, containing 118 acres, fronting on a State improvement; the Mansion, built in 1865, containing ten rooms; a Tenant House, Barn, Carriage House, Ice House, Wood shed; Smoke House, Spring House, never failing spring of best water, running pump at Barn and at Mansion; several hundred choice young bearing Fruit Trees; three hundred bearing Grape Vines, four years old; one hundred locust posts, which are Delaware. This place will be found one of the most desirable summer residences or it would be an advantageous location for the establishment of a Boarding House for Summer resort. The view is very fine. The supply of cold, soft water would be sufficient for the stock and baths of all kinds, and it is three-fourths of one mile from the celebrated Bedford Mineral Springs. Price, $15,000. If desired, grain, stock and farm implements would be sold to purchaser of farm.

W. S. HALL,

BEDFORD, Pa.

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FOR SALE.

FARM.

The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he lives, between Bedford and The Springs, containing 145 ACRES of timbered land, 140 acres in cultivation the rest in excellent timber. Improvements are the Mansion, built in 1865, containing ten rooms; a Tenant House, Barn, Carriage House, Ice House, Wood shed; Smoke House, Spring House, never failing spring of best water, running pump at Barn and at Mansion; several hundred choice young bearing Fruit Trees; three hundred bearing Grape Vines, four years old; one hundred locust posts, which are Delaware. This place will be found one of the most desirable summer residences or it would be an advantageous location for the establishment of a Boarding House for Summer resort. The view is very fine. The supply of cold, soft water would be sufficient for the stock and baths of all kinds, and it is three-fourths of one mile from the celebrated Bedford Mineral Springs. Price, $15,000. If desired, grain, stock and farm implements would be sold to purchaser of farm.

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W. S. HALL,

BEDFORD, Pa.

JAMES T. BRADY & CO.,

(Successors to S. Jones & Co.

Corner of Fourth and Wood Streets,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

FOREIGN EXCHANGE,

GOLD, SILVER AND COUPONS.

COLLECTIONS made on all accessible points, Gold Stocks and Coupons.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

jan1

FINANCE AND TRADE.

MONDAY, December 24th, 1866.

The New York Stock quotations show no improvement over Saturday's rates. The "bears" have succeeded to their heart's content in hammering down prices to a degree at which they certainly will be able to cover their shorts, and now can turn in and assist the general effort for a rise. The *Commercial Advertiser*, of Saturday afternoon, notes a singular fact that within the hours of 10 and 11:15 o'clock, this morning, the banks and private bankers were beset with an incessant stream of applicants for money, offering 7 per cent., to excellent borrowers being singularly for the most part representatives of firms known to be in the *bear* interest. After that hour, the demand suddenly fell off, and scarcely a borrower appeared upon the market. How this phenomenon is to be accounted for, would be far it easy account for the tightness of money this morning, we do not pretend to say; there are those, however, who have a very strong opinion that the assault is the result of a certain "bear" council of war. It is very certain that the feverish condition of the money market thus produced has had a very direct effect upon the stock market. The market opened decidedly weak, and under the apparent prospects of a difficulty in borrowing, stocks were thrown upon the market in large blocks, producing an average decline of about 2 per cent. Erie at one time sold down to 66¾, but subsequently recovered to 68½. Northwestern sold down to 43 but reacted to 44¾. After the antecedents of the sudden rush for money, noted above, there was a general improvement of fully per cent., and at the board, prices closed generally stronger.

The transactions in stocks at both boards for the last six days aggregate 89,410 shares, against, 60,000 for last week. Included in the shares were 12,713 shares of Northwestern; Michigan Southern, 6,200; Erie, 8,150; Cleveland and Toledo, 6,750; and Reading, 5,830.

—Our local market is devoid of interest. There will be no change until after New Year's, and money in the meanwhile is accumulating in the hands of private brokers to await a favorable turn for investment.

—The following statement exhibits the business of the Pittsburgh Clearing House for the week closing on Saturday, December 22:

	Exchanges.	Balances.
December 17	$4,666,421 23	$94,422 80
December 18	970,646 31	75,679 47
December 19	988,445 47	97,941 67
December 20	929,151 15	86,721 79
December 21	814,120 14	81,189 41
December 22	299,644 16	27,233 00
Total	$9,674,091 97	$463,288 12

—The London *Bankers' Magazine* furnishes the returns of the circulation of the private and joint stock banks in England and Wales for the four weeks ending the 29th of November. These returns, contrasted with the circulation of the Scotch and Irish banks for the same period, and the average circulation of the Bank of England for the four weeks ended the 7th of November (the nearest date furnished by their return), as compared with the month ended the 11th November, 1865, show an increase of £1,666,227 in the circulation of notes in England and an increase of £1,260,959 in the circulation of the United Kingdom. On comparing the above with the fixed issues of the several banks, the following is the state of the circulation: The English private banks are below their fixed issue £1,151,163; the English joint stock banks are below their fixed issue £269,074; total below fixed issue in England, £1,420,241. The Scotch banks are above their fixed issue £1,709,359; the Irish banks are above their fixed issue £258,127. The average stock of bullion held by the Bank of England in both departments during the month ending the 7th of November was £20,581,481, being a decrease of £437,34 as compared with the preceding month, and an increase of £1,260,959 as compared with the same period of last year. The following are the amounts of specie held by the Scotch and Irish banks during the month ended the 10th of November: Gold and silver held by Scotch banks, £2,709,360; gold and silver held by the Irish banks, £7,149,515. Total, £9,858,882, being an increase of £422,497 as compared with the previous return, having a reduction of cleared and well improved land on each of the Farms. There are also a number of small lots in Monroeville, one of which has a Grist Mill, and on the headwaters of Swickley Creek, possessing valuable water power, on which there are portions of cleared land, all of which are in good state of cultivation, and well calculated for grazing or farming purposes.

The lands all lie within eighteen miles of Allegheny City, many of acres having landing contiguous to any of the tracts, all of which are well watered and have abundance of timber. The lands are offered for sale by the original Patentee, and never before offered for sale. Any person wishing to purchase a tract or tracts of said lands, will call on ALEXANDER HILAND, of Pittsburgh, who can inform them of the prices and terms of said situation, &c. S. G. DUTTON,

CHAS. LITTLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12th, 1866. nov21-3tdaw

PREEMPTORY S—

GLASS CO.'S WORKS,

AT

Otsego and Morrisville, below Navy Yard.

On SATURDAY, December 29th, 1866, at 12 o'clock at the Philadelphia Glass Co.'s Works, corner of Otsego and Morrisville, below Navy Yard, will be sold (on account of whom it may concern) to the highest bidder, the

Lease, Stocks, Fixtures, Tools,

And all the property and effects of the Company, consisting of one 4 Pot, and one 8 Pot Furnace, 5 Annealing Kilns, Pots, Gut-moils, Clay, Sand (all sort of Stone for use) Fireproof Tools, Glass Cutters' Bottom Tin Castings, Tables Moulds for Rough Plate Glass, and for Bottles, Shades, Lamps, Fruit, Preserve and Wine Carafes, Pitchers, Tumblers, Vases (Large Assortment) Glass Cutters' Wheels, Patent Rights, and all the Fixtures of the Company. s.w

FOR SALE—

All the fixtures and appurtenances of an

OIL REFINERY,

consisting of Tanks, Pipes, one Still, hand Agitator, &c., &c., situated on the Pittsburgh and Erie Railroad, Oakgrave, near Laughlin's Station, on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad. Apply to

JOHN TORRENCE,

No. 104 Fourth street.

M7-tf

FOR SALE—

Thirteen Acres of excellent Land, property of the late John S. Cragmile, situate at the foot of Squirrel Hill, and within five minutes' walk of Laughlin's Station, on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad, especially suitable for

Vineyard Purposes and Building Lots

For terms, &c., apply to JOHN TORRENCE, No. 104 Fourth street. M7-tf

FOR SALE.

FARM.

The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he lives, between Bedford and The Springs, containing 145 ACRES of timbered land, 140 acres in cultivation the rest in excellent timber. Improvements are the Mansion, built in 1865, containing ten rooms; a Tenant House, Barn, Carriage House, Ice House, Wood shed; Smoke House, Spring House, never failing spring of best water, running pump at Barn and at Mansion; several hundred choice young bearing Fruit Trees; three hundred bearing Grape Vines, four years old; one hundred locust posts, which are Delaware. This place will be found one of the most desirable summer residences or it would be an advantageous location for the establishment of a Boarding House for Summer resort. The view is very fine. The supply of cold, soft water would be sufficient for the stock and baths of all kinds, and it is three-fourths of one mile from the celebrated Bedford Mineral Springs. Price, $15,000. If desired, grain, stock and farm implements would be sold to purchaser of farm.

W. S. HALL,

BEDFORD, Pa.

PITTSBURGH OIL MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL, TUESDAY, December 25, 1866.

Business yesterday was not very active. Dealers, at least purchasers, are inclined to postpone transactions at least for the present. The result was, we have but few sales to record. The Allegheny river being again liable, the stock of crude has been reduced. The principal sales making were for future delivery, during the months of March and April 1867. Holders of the raw article were demanding a slight advance. Small parcels were disposed of at 46½c, bulk, and 54½ bbls included. The prevailing opinion among dealers is that prices have reached the bottom of the list.

CRUDE—We have not few sales to report. There is a degree of the present year in drawing to a close. The sales were as follows: 100 bbls and 50 bbls, bulk, on the spot; 9,000 bbls, package included, at 46c; sales of 2,000 bbls, bulk, April delivery, at 46c. Other lots were under negotiation for March and April delivery.

REFINED—We have no sales to record. Buyers and sellers were apart in their views. Prices on spot could may be put down as nominal. Free oil was only disposed of in a small way at 45@45c.

CRUDE AMONG OILS—Sales of Eureka: 35 bbls sperm at $1 25, 30 do A engine, 81 @ 82 do B, 65c; 30 do C, 90c, and 40 do F, 85c per gallon.

In New York the market on crude says the *Price Current* of Saturday, has been quiet, yet steady and quite firm; the sales are 3,000 bbls 40@42° gravity, at 13 @13½c; 500 and 1,000 bbls shipping 36° at 14½c; 500 bbls low gravity, at 10c, and 1,000 bbls 32° at 9c; 500 bbls returned, selling at 11½c in bulk and packages 40@42° gravity; 2,500 bbls 42° at 13½c; bulk and packages refined, selling at 25@25½c; bulk and packages 45@47° gravity; 2,500 bbls at 24c; bulk and packages refined in bond continues very dull; there is but little demand, and nothing of importance was quoted at the close 28@29c for prime in bbls, and 30@31c for W. white; 33@34c for extra; 37@38c for W. W. and 39@40c for W. W. including some P. W. at the same price; 2,000 gallons S. W. sold at 24c; 2,000 gallons W. for January, 30c; 1,000 bbls W. for February, 31@32c; 1,000 and 500 bbls W. W. for March, 34c. Free is dull; 20 bbls W. Wood at 45c; 500 bbls [illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, December 24, 1866.

FLOUR—Steady and quiet.

WHEAT—A shade firmer, at $2 08@2 09 for No. 1; $1 84 @1 85 for No. 2.

CORN—Quiet; it closes at 75½@76c for No. 1.

OATS—Dull at 37@37 60 for No. 2.

PROVISIONS—Nominal.

PROVISIONS—Firm and steady; mess pork, $18 50 for cash; prime $13. Lard 15c.

FREIGHTS—Active at 6c for 8 bs.

LIVE STOCK—Receipts of cattle at $5 00@6 25.

New York Finance and Trade

Gold Closed at 133¾.

NEW YORK, December 24—9 P. M.

THE STOCK MARKET

Was quite active to-day, owing to the fact that all contracts maturing to-morrow had to be provided for. Seven per cent. was the general rate for call loans, but at the close the market eased up. Mr. W. H. Ferris has been appointed Cashier at the subtreasury in the place of Mr. Russell, recently resigned, to take charge of the gold bank.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

The market is quiet, but a little stronger. Prime bankers' bills are quoted at 109¼@109¾, and short sight at 108¾@109.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES

Were dull and lower this afternoon on the gold bonds. The Treasury notes were steady. The following were the closing rates: Registered 6s, 1881, coupons, 1881, 107@107½; 5-20 coupons 8s, 1867, 106½@106¾; 10-40s, 103@103¾; coupons, 103¾@104.

THE STOCK MARKET

Was active and excited in the lower half this afternoon, and there was a general advance in prices. There is an increased disposition to purchase for a rise, and the bull interest is getting the ascendancy once more. The market has been largely oversold, and this sudden rise in the quotations of many of the leading stocks were very freely attributed to the covering of shorts, are quite scarce. Northwestern preferred was the only stock that at one time touched 85¾. There is some apprehension of a decline in this stock. The following are the closing prices: Ohio certificates, 28¾@29; Central, 104@105; Erie, 68@68¾; Michigan Central, 87¾@88; Michigan Southern, 83¾@83¾; Illinois Central, 117¾@118; Pittsburgh, 86¾@87; Reading, 93¾@94; Rock Island, 100½@100¾; North Western, 44@44¾; North Western preferred, 85¾@86; Fort Wayne, 100@100¼; Western Union, 40¾@41.

MINING SHARES.

Little doing in mining stocks. Consolidated Gregory sold at 18¾.

PHILADELPHIA, December 24.—Money quiet at 6@7 per cent. Sterling dull at 108¾@109. Gold lower, opening at 133¾, declining to 133¼, and closing at 133¾. Government's dull and declining.

Stocks active. Pennsylvania, 72¾; Reading, 49¾; Lehigh Valley, 58¾; Lehigh Navigation, 49¾; Camden and Amboy, 120½; Northwestern preferred, 44¾; Minehill, 57¾; Cleveland and Pittsburgh, 86; Reading, 49¾; Long Island, 9; Catawissa preferred, 29; Ohio and Mississippi certificates, 29; new issue, 30¾.

New York Dry Goods Market.

NEW YORK, December 24.—The dry goods market has continued very active during the past week, except for orders left last week and not filled. Standard prints are scarce and firm. Agents are besieged by jobbers at 22c, and Appleton A's at 23c. Bleached goods are dull, but prices are firmly held. Woolen and low prices rather than demand. New Yorks are unchanged. Jeans are dull and nominal. Flannels are out of season. Woven goods heavy. Delaines and ginghams are unchanged. Coats' yarns very quiet, carriers slow of sale. Foreign goods are firm and well sold up. Domestics are very firm and quiet, and will be higher. No trade expected until after the holidays.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, December 24.—Cotton is rent lower. Sales of 3,000 bales, the latter including 2,000 at 30c; receipts 14,336 bales; exports 7,8 bales. Sugar is quiet and firm at 12½@13c for fair to prime. Molasses is in fair demand; prime to choice stock. Foreign is receiving at 1@1½c. Corn is quiet at 97c@$1 for mixed. Oats steady at $1 50 for seed and $1 for feed. Bran is in demand at $2 00. Hay $25 @27 00. Bacon in retail lots 17½@18c. Whisky unchanged, at $2 40. Gold 133. Sterling 61. New York sight exchange, ½ P. C. premium. Freights to New York, by sail, 7-16d; by steam 1½@1¾c. Liverpool, ¾ to ¾d.

Buffalo Market.

BUFFALO, December 24.—Flour steady. Wheat quiet. Corn dull and nominal. Oats quiet. Rye. Chicago No. 1 $1 90. Canal freights dull and lower. The days of last week were light, owing to the delention of trains on the Lake Shore road. Rates have changed hands at 5c for fair to good, and 6c for choice. Closing at 6c. Receipts for the week ending December 22d: Cattle, 1,000; sheep, 1,000; hogs, 1,000. Total. No report from Erie yard. Settlements by Central for week ending 22d: Cattle, 1,500; sheep, 1,000; hogs, 1,500.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, December 24—Evening.—Cotton quiet at 30½@30¾c for uplands. Corn at 1@2c lower; sales of 81,000 bbls for western; stock, 8,000 bbls. Oats dull; stock 2,000 bbls. Beef quiet. Pork 50c lower; mess dull in bond. Groceries quiet. Pork quiet. Beef steady. Lard dull; steam 15½@15¾c; kettle 16@16½c. Bacon quiet. Lard heavy at 15½@15¾c. Butter and cheese dull. Whisky unchanged. Rosin in fair demand. Petroleum dull. Tallow quiet. Rice steady. Freights to Liverpool by sail, 7-16d; by steam 1½@1¾c.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, December 24.—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat dull and lower; sales of 1,000 bushels at $2 00@2 05. Corn dull at 75c. Oats dull at 40c. Rye dull at $1 15. Barley dull at $1 50@1 60. Provisions quiet and unchanged. Mess pork, $18 50 for cash; prime, $13. Lard 15c. Bacon—Shoulders 8½c; clear rib sides, 13½c; clear sides, 14c. Whisky, $2 40@2 42. Butter, 30@35c. Cheese, 16@17c. Sugar, 12½@13c. Molasses, 60@65c. Coffee, 20@22c. Hogs, $5 50@6 00. Receipts—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; barley, 1,000 bushels. Shipments—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; barley, 1,000 bushels.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, December 24.—Flour is in half a fair demand at $8 75@9 for family; $9 50@10 for extra. Wheat is quoting from $1 80@2 00 for white and $1 70@1 80 for red. Corn is in demand at 80@85c for white shelled and 75@80c for mixed. Oats are in demand at 50@55c. Rye is in demand at $1 20@1 25. Barley is in demand at $1 50@1 60. Mess pork is in demand at $19 50@20 00. Bacon—Shoulders 9c; clear sides, 14c; clear rib sides, 13½c. Lard is in demand at 15½@16c. Whisky is in demand at $2 40@2 45. Sugar is in demand at 12½@13c. Coffee is in demand at 20@22c. Hogs are in demand at $5 50@6 00. Receipts—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; rye, 1,000 bushels. Shipments—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; rye, 1,000 bushels.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS, December 24.—In tobacco and hemp there is no change to notice. Flour is in fair demand; superfine, $5 25@5 50; extra, $5 75@6 00; family, $6 25@6 50. Wheat firm; spring, $1 80; prime fall, $2 00. Corn dull at 68@70c. Oats declined 2c. Pacific Province quiet. Mess pork, $20@20 50. Bacon on change, clear sides, 13½c; clear, 13c. Lard dull at 15c. Hogs advanced to $5 40@5 50. Weather cold.

New York Cattle Market.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Beeves dull; prices declined 1@2c, closing heavy. Receipts 4,500 head; 1,000 head for sale; 3,500 head for slaughters. Sales generally at 11@11½c. Sheep and lambs lower. Receipts 6,000 head; sales at 8@8½c. Veal calves declined ½c per pound; closing heavy. Receipts 1,000 head; sales at 9@9½c; 1,000 head for slaughters at 8@8½c per pound, closing heavy. Receipts 15,000, ranging at 8½@9½c.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, December 24.—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat dull and lower. Corn dull and lower; buyers withdrew at the close. Dressed hogs dull at $5 50@6 00. Provisions unchanged. Lard 15c. Whisky $2 40. Groceries dull and heavy. Provisions very quiet. Butter 30@35c. Cheese 16@17c. Sugar 12½@13c. Molasses 60@65c. Coffee 20@22c. Receipts—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; barley, 1,000 bushels. Shipments—Flour, 1,000 bbls; wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, 1,000 bushels; barley, 1,000 bushels.

Baltimore Market.

BALTIMORE, December 24.—Flour inactive. Wheat scarce and steady. Corn quiet. Oats firm at 60@63c. Groceries dull and heavy. Provisions very quiet. Pork $19 heavy. Lard dull and 15c lower. Gold 132¾. Money tight.

Baltimore Market.

BALTIMORE, December 24.—Flour inactive. Wheat scarce and steady. Corn quiet. Oats firm at 60@63c. Groceries dull and heavy. Provisions very quiet. Pork $19 heavy. Lard dull and 15c lower. Gold 132¾. Money tight.

The Louisville Hog market opened on Friday, says the *Democrat*, at 6@6¼c, gross, with a good number offering in the sales pens and large receipts to packers over the various roads. It will be seen by sales given which we give below of the extent of the season's operations, up to to-night, that the slaughtering has reached 19,000 head. The season may be regarded as about two-thirds past, which would, if the business continues to be as active as that has characterized it since it commenced, place the killing for the present season at 30,000 head. The average weight of some of our packers the number of hogs that will be slaughtered before the season is over will reach 200 lbs.

The sales of Leaf Tobacco, in Cincinnati, on Saturday and Monday, by Robinson & Washburn, were: 70 hhds, and do boxes viz: 12 hhds Mason County Leaf, Logs and Trash (new)—1at @ $8 50, 2 at @ $5 25, 3 at @ 4 at @ $4 12½, 1 at @ $4, 1 at @ $3 75, 1 at @ $3 50, 1 at @ $3 25, 2 at @ $3 00, 1 at @ $2 75, 1 at @ $2 50, 1 at @ $2 25, 1 at @ $2 12½, 1 at @ $2 00, 1 at @ $1 75, 30 boxes Ohio, ranging from $3 to $6 50.

The Scioto markets are reported by the *Republican*, of Saturday, as follows: The produce market was without much activity, but the extremely light receipts have the effect to maintain prices, and there was little change in rates from those current on yesterday. Provisions were dull and heavy with only light transactions. Hogs—Receipts for the week, 1,500; generally unfavorable weather, with full pens and a limited demand. No on hand. Packing commenced on Monday, 17th inst., and 2 average, at $6 35 @ 6 50 today at from 10 @ 5 cents, averaging 200 lbs, at 5½ gross. Flour—Is in moderate demand and steady. There are a good many high hogs coming in, which are not saleable. Up to 6 o'clock we quote the sales from 1 bbl to 10 @ 9 00 lbs.

The New Lisbon *Ledger*, of Friday evening, says: The hog market, here and elsewhere at the principal packing points, underwent a very marked decline yesterday, and the feeling to day on the part of packers is a very unsettled one. Prices yesterday ruled above $6 40@6, the latter an extreme figure. The tendency of the market is decidedly downward. Mr. Bell, of Bell & Co. contracted for some 400 head yesterday at 6c, but we doubt if the packers would buy at 5 9-16ths, but we doubt if the slaughter here is a fair average of dressed hogs. Kent & Bevis' pens, 700; total, 3,800. There are probably 500 in the pens.

The Evansville *Courier*, of the 20th, says: Both packers and farmers feel that prices are settled for the season. The ruling price is $7 for live hogs, and $8 50 for inferior cuts. It is more than probable this will be the standard price for the season. Allen & Barrin continue killing to-day; also Mr. Gavisk. Elliott & Son are receiving but few hogs for slaughter and packing.

The receipts per River and Rail since our last were 4 6 barrels Flour; 245 barrels Apples; 40 boxes Cheese, 262 sacks Corn; 547 sacks Barley; 565 sacks Oats; 75 sacks Rye, and 306 sacks Potatoes.

Prices—Latest are about the same as last quoted The receipts are adequate to the demand. Sales six packages prime fresh roll at 33c.

EGGS—Prime are in good demand. Sales of four bbls, in car at 33c, are noted. Sales on Saturday were made at 36c per dozen.

FEED—Sales of two tons middlings at $1 35 per cwt, are reported.

CANNED FRUITS—We note sales 200 dozen 2 lb can peaches at $1 40 per dozen.

DRIED PEACHES—Sales are reported of 25 barrels at

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COMMERCIAL, Pittsburgh.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

At the last moment before putting it to press, we were compelled, by the disarrangement of machinery in our Press Room, to change the form of our Supplement from eight pages, quarto, to two pages of the size of the DAILY COMMERCIAL. In some respects, the present form is to be preferred, although it is not what we intended it should be. The reader will, we think, find the reading in the Supplement not only adapted to the season, but of a most excellent quality.

CHRISTMAS.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our saviour's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."
SHAKSPEARE.

Of all holiday seasons of the year none has identified with it so many agreeable associations, tender memories, noble emotions and holy aspirations, as that which we celebrate as the natal anniversary of the Saviour of the world. Custom has in most countries subordinated the religious to what may be termed the jovial spirit in the manner and form of its celebration; still, its connection with the great event that brought redemption and the hope of salvation through faith to the lost and sinful race of man is seldom forgotten. The early portion of the day is usually devoted to pious exercises in the churches of most Christian denominations, and it is seldom until afternoon—until, indeed, the Christmas dinner smokes upon the board—that the more material and secular characteristics of the occasion commence. From the moment, however, that grace has been said and the ruthless carving knife has commenced on turkey and sirloin the full process of dissection, mirth and hilarity are predominant. Throughout the day is one long glowing festival. The combination is one of the highest order of enjoyment, dashed with just the faintest shade of pleasing sadness.

Christmas, it is true, has not been regarded in this country with so much of religious and joyous ceremonial as in Germany and England. We have shared part of the honors that are its annual due with Thanksgiving day and New Years; taking our regard for the former from our Puritan progenitors, and following the example of the Hollander settlers of New Amsterdam in respect to the latter. Yet we still give to it more than an ordinary share of affectionate remembrance, and we fondly linger over the accounts of the glorious spirit it evoked in castle and cottage, in hut and in hall, far back among those mythical times, when England, for instance, was supposed to be "merrie;" when peer and peasant and squire and clown alike observed the same social distinctions and footed it together in some country measure, or pledged a mutual wassail over a foaming bowl of flip. Of course a considerable portion of those delightful reminiscences of the past is purely imaginary, and it may be justly doubted if the poor, at least, were any better off for the few hours of condescending geniality on the part of the rich which must have made the oppression and inequality of the rest of the year the more conspicuous. But we like to read about such things, and fancy matters generally were ever so much better than they are in this feverish age of whirling, grinding, screaming machinery, that iron has entered into men's souls and their eyes are blinded and their ears are stopped with the cotton of the great mills. We love to read about—trying to persuade ourselves it was *all real*—of those ideal days, and almost wish our lot had been cast among them, instead of in what we call this matter-of-fact work-a-day period of our own. We shut our senses to the dark side of the picture.

There was and is, however, a Christmas kind of jollity in England—which has not indeed become entirely extinct among a certain class in the Southern States—that it might be well to imitate more universally. WASHINGTON IRVING charmingly describes a pleasant social episode of the kind in which he shared; a genuine revival of the time when, from far and near, the guests assembled at the old family mansion, down in the country, among the ancestral oaks; when the table groaned beneath the load of roast beef, plum pudding, venison, pastry, and the embellishments of a substantial dinner; when the guests all had good appetites, for in the good old times there was no melancholy from dyspepsia; when every face wore a smile, and every heart was brim full of gladness; when the very atmosphere seemed to exhilarate with a mysterious influence, making morose men affable, dull men witty, and sad ones happy. And then, after dinner, what a night of merriment! The long hall is cleared, the fiddles get to work; the limbs of the aged even become limber at the bewitching dance, to the intense delight and boisterous merriment of the young; the young are full of happiness; the mistletoe bough hangs from the ceiling, and, as the reluctant maiden is whirled in the dance under its benignant boughs, the loud kiss announces the fact, while she with coy blushes, affects to retreat beyond the magic circle; the pleasure never flags until all are surprised to hear that it is morning, and that even Christmas has its end, the succeeding slumber is a drowning of a long series of happy Christmases. When the guests disperse, a melancholy leasure fills each heart, and the great lone house, memory, has added to it a treasure that will while away many a cozy hour with pleasant recollections.

Utilitarian and hardened by business anxieties as American human nature, under the influences of an unceasing round of work and enterprise has become, there is a corner left in many a heart hence a yearning after relaxation such as this cannot be driven. We find ourselves absorbed in Irving's eloquent pages, revelling in the description of the famous Christmas at Dingley Dell, whereat Mr. Pickwick was so distinguished a participant, and in fancy we find ourselves exclaiming:

Hoop! more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will.
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new born year
The fittest time for festal cheer,
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought its round to them back again.
With all its hospitable train.

And what though the Christmas of the den time has gone from us, to be no ore known forever. The quaint ceremonies and rollicking festivities of our ancestors are replaced by customs and observances in which there is no lack of good cheer still remaining. The Yule-log longer blazes on the cheerful hearth. he bear's head no longer figures on the ell filled board. The wassail bowl, eaming with the beverage of ale, nutmeg, gar, toast and roasted apples, has been ained for the last time, and finds its ace now only among the musty relics of e past. The Master of the Revels and e Lord of Misrule have forever ceased eir gibes, their gambols, their songs, eir flashes of merriment that were wont set the table in a roar. The rafters no nger ring with roistering choruses: the ice of the harper is heard no more, and e the gallant troubadours have vanished m the earth. The motley mummers longer make merry among their friends d neighbors, and the children no longer from door to door, singing their Christ- as carols; dining halls are no longer een with holly and ivy; and few are the r maidens that are kissed in this coun- under the mistletoe bough. And yet ristmas still comes welcome as of old— e day above all others consecrated the high hopes and noble affec- ns and sweet charities of life. e preacher is still heard from the lpit, and with more attentive ear, for ful- and clearer are the "good tidings of eat joy" he now proclaims to the sons men. The Christmas table is yet loaded with substantial cheer that maketh the art glad; and plum pudding, goose, turky, minced pies, and roast beef, have ore than made good all the boars' heads at forest ever teemed with. Santa Claus still makes his annual rounds, and stockgs are fuller, and Christmas trees brighter, and merry voices merrier, and rosy eeks redder than ever before. The games and the sports are not all done yet, and thousands of homesteads will on Monday echo, like spring groves, with the joy of birds. It will be the hey-day of youth and innocence, and the oldest hearts, if they be not of the scaredest and the hardest, it will make fresh and young again. There may be, nay indeed, we know that there are those whose spirits have been soiled with the dust and cankered with the mildew of the world; but who of our readers will be intolerant, or careless, or ashamed of the household loves that shall this day be uttered in words and embodied in actions?

No marvel Christmas lives so long,
He never knew but merry hours:
Blue nights were spent with mirth and song,
In happy homes and princely bowers.
Was ushered he by sire and lord,
A'd seated at the festive board:
While every voice cried—welcome here,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

Let it be enough for us if we can enter into the spirit of this jocund season with hearts purified by the sublime mystery which it commemorates, and at the same time exult in the time-honored social convivialities and pastimes which make it an in e vil of release from the cares and burdens of the busy struggle for existence. Such days come with all the more of blessing to a people who, like ours, number in their National calendar so few periods in which the tension of irrepressible energy is even momentarily relaxed, and who, in the engrossing interests of material activity, stand in danger of dwarfing and stunting the growth of those ameliorating influences and social habitudes which preserve the heart of youth beneath the frosts of age.

The day of promise dawns once more
And yonder sun climbs and merry shine,
Rings in the hoary Christmas time,
As in the locked depths of yore.

Fair Childhood prattles in the hall,
Counting its joys,—and Youth is gay,
As standing in life's middle way
It learn both Hope and Memory call:

Nor knows it which to hold most dear.
Both voices sound so glorious then.
One—chanting noble things of men,
One—boyhood's paeans wild and clear.

While Age, from cares too seldom free,
To-day forgets its toil and pain,
And that the voice speaks not again,
Which calmed tempestuous Galilee.

"Be of good cheer" would'er saidde—
The wo rds through lasting centuries,
O'er desert lands and sullen seas
Have since re-echoed far and wide.

Then h t the bells still ring them out,
In morning salutation sweet;
Let joyous outlaws fill the street;
Be genial noises all about

Let sorrow welcome every chime
And Poverty be of g od cheer,
Remembering how the stars drew near
The lowliest roof at Christmas time.

And so, for all the various reasons we have stated; and for no other reason, if it comes to that, than the fact that it is a good and genial custom, we heartily wish to all our readers—young and old, rich and poor, one with another, and every one—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A CHRISTMAS CHILD;

OR,

How Luke Norris's Heart was Softened.

Luke Norris's home was not an attractive looking spot. And yet the large old house stood among broad fields and far-extending orchards; and the great barns told of abundant harvests which must have been gathered in. The stalls were filled with sleek, well-fed cattle, and every thing spoke of the prosperity of the owner. You could not help thinking how delightful it would be to see a merry husking party filling the great granary, on some bright October evening, and to hear the sports of laughing children to toss and tumble in the fragrant hay on the ample mows. But a look at the house would convince you that children were never seen there, and no young people would ever think of making it their place of meeting. It was dark and gloomy, and years ago its weatherbeaten walls had lost their coating of paint. Iron has entered into men's souls and their eyes are blinded and their ears are stopped with the cotton of the great mills. We love to read about—trying to persuade ourselves it was *all real*—of those ideal days, and almost wish our lot had been cast among them, instead of in what we call this matter-of-fact work-a-day period of our own. We shut our senses to the dark side of the picture.

There was and is, however, a Christmas kind of jollity in England—which has not indeed become entirely extinct among a certain class in the Southern States—that it might be well to imitate more universally. WASHINGTON IRVING charmingly describes a pleasant social episode of the kind in which he shared; a genuine revival of the time when, from far and near, the guests assembled at the old family mansion, down in the country, among the ancestral oaks; when the table groaned beneath the load of roast beef, plum pudding, venison, pastry, and the embellishments of a substantial dinner; when the guests all had good appetites, for in the good old times there was no melancholy from dyspepsia; when every face wore a smile, and every heart was brim full of gladness; when the very atmosphere seemed to exhilarate with a mysterious influence, making morose men affable, dull men witty, and sad ones happy. And then, after dinner, what a night of merriment! The long hall is cleared, the fiddles get to work; the limbs of the aged even become limber at the bewitching dance, to the intense delight and boisterous merriment of the young; the young are full of happiness; the mistletoe bough hangs from the ceiling, and, as the reluctant maiden is whirled in the dance under its benignant boughs, the loud kiss announces the fact, while she with coy blushes, affects to retreat beyond the magic circle; the pleasure never flags until all are surprised to hear that it is morning, and that even Christmas has its end, the succeeding slumber is a drowning of a long series of happy Christmases. When the guests disperse, a melancholy leasure fills each heart, and the great lone house, memory, has added to it a treasure that will while away many a cozy hour with pleasant recollections.

Utilitarian and hardened by business anxieties as American human nature, under the influences of an unceasing round of work and enterprise has become, there is a corner left in many a heart hence a yearning after relaxation such as this cannot be driven. We find ourselves absorbed in Irving's eloquent pages, revelling in the description of the famous Christmas at Dingley Dell, whereat Mr. Pickwick was so distinguished a participant, and in fancy we find ourselves exclaiming:

Hoop! more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will.
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new born year
The fittest time for festal cheer,
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought its round to them back again.
With all its hospitable train.

And what though the Christmas of the den time has gone from us, to be no ore known forever. The quaint ceremonies and rollicking festivities of our ancestors are replaced by customs and observances in which there is no lack of good cheer still remaining. The Yule-log longer blazes on the cheerful hearth. he bear's head no longer figures on the ell filled board. The wassail bowl, eaming with the beverage of ale, nutmeg, gar, toast and roasted apples, has been ained for the last time, and finds its ace now only among the musty relics of e past. The Master of the Revels and e Lord of Misrule have forever ceased eir gibes, their gambols, their songs, eir flashes of merriment that were wont set the table in a roar. The rafters no nger ring with roistering choruses: the ice of the harper is heard no more, and e the gallant troubadours have vanished m the earth. The motley mummers longer make merry among their friends d neighbors, and the children no longer from door to door, singing their Christ- as carols; dining halls are no longer een with holly and ivy; and few are the r maidens that are kissed in this coun- under the mistletoe bough. And yet ristmas still comes welcome as of old— e day above all others consecrated the high hopes and noble affec- ns and sweet charities of life. e preacher is still heard from the lpit, and with more attentive ear, for ful- and clearer are the "good tidings of eat joy" he now proclaims to the sons men. The Christmas table is yet loaded with substantial cheer that maketh the art glad; and plum pudding, goose, turky, minced pies, and roast beef, have ore than made good all the boars' heads at forest ever teemed with. Santa Claus still makes his annual rounds, and stockgs are fuller, and Christmas trees brighter, and merry voices merrier, and rosy eeks redder than ever before. The games

Luke had always led a lonely life. More than fifty years ago he had been brought to the village an orphan child. Perhaps before that time he might have known something of a boy's light hearted mirth, but it had ever been so, if it had been crushed out years ago. He had found a home with a stern, hard, grasping man, who had kept the boy at a distance. With no softening influence about him, he, too, had grown up hard and stern, with no ambition but to lay up wealth; no dream of the future but to look forward to the time when he might count his broad acres, and gain a place among the wealthiest men of the village. And he had realized his dream. By unremitting toil and rigid rugality, year after year he had added to his store, till he was now the owner of the finest farm in the county; and men hinted mysteriously at large sums of money snugly invested. But that was only conjecture, for Luke was a man who kept his own counsel. He had gained his ends,—and ye the was not a happy man.

It was Christmas Eve, but he was not in pleasant mood. In all the gladness of the season he had no part. It vexed him always, to have a holiday come. He did not see the use of it. And now his men would want to idle away the day and throw away their money on foolish amusements. That was all such days were good or. Everywhere he went he must be reminded of the season. The children who passed him in the street were laughing and prattling gaily, talking of Santa Claus and wondering what was in store for the morrow. Men and women hurried by, with eager, intent faces, carrying all sorts of odd looking parcels. Even the little village shop wore a holiday look: the counter presented unusual attractions, and the windows were filled with toys that drew the longing gaze of little groups of children. And when he went into his house, and took up his weekly paper, even there he was met by advertisements of all sorts of novelties for the holidays.

It had tried his temper, too, that an appeal had been made to it for charity. He hated to be asked to give. He had made his way in the world himself, he said, and asked aid from no one; why could not others do the same? It was not often that any one ventured to apply to him, he was so well known, but to-day one of his neighbors had come to ask his aid for John Leslie, a man who once had worked for him, but had afterwards left him to take up another occupation. Now he was ill, and would hardly be able to work for months. It was Christmas time, the man had said, and it seemed only right that they should help him and his little family to struggle through the winter. Christmas again! What was Christmas time to Luke? He had always told Leslie he was a fool to go into the new works, but he had not taken any advice: why should he expect anything of him now? But that was the way with men. They would not listen to their more sensible neighbors, and then, when they got into trouble, they looked to them for help. A man might as well think of his own affairs if he would attend to them. So he had turned away.

And yet he liked Leslie, too, after his own fashion; and he could not forget how low he had seen his children going past, an hour ago, and how pinched and blue their faces were, and how scanty their clothing had looked. Their little red hands were filled with evergreens, and he had heard the boy telling, how they would make such pretty wreaths with them for Christmas, though they could not have any Christmas presents; and the youngest—a little creature—had wondered sadly why Santa Claus would not come to them as he did to the other children; she did so wish that he would bring her the beautiful doll she had just seen in the shop-window. And her brother had begged her not to talk about it before papa, it made him look so grave. Looks thought of the children's talk now, and though it would never have occurred to him to regret anything he had done, yet he could not help feeling a little uncomfortable.

To change the current of his thoughts, he rose to light a lamp and set about mending some garden tool, and as he did so he fancied he heard a low, wailing cry. At first he thought it might be the sighing of the wind, but as he listened it came again and again, and at length he went from the house to see what could be the cause. The moonlight fell on the snow-covered ground, making every object distinct. Near his gate he saw a little child bending over a dark figureon the ground, and calling plaintively, "Mamma! mamma!" As he approached she scarcely heeded him, and never ceased her mournful cry, still plucking at the dress of the unconscious woman. What should he do? His first thought was to procure assistance and take her to the Alms House. But when he looked at her again, and saw how ill she evidently was, not even he could have the heart for that. No other house was very near. There was no help for it; and he lifted her, and bearing her into the house, consigned her to Huldah's care. Huldah was kind-hearted enough, and ready to do all that her simple skill could suggest for the stranger's relief, but it seemed of no avail, and the village physician, who had been summoned, shook his head gravely as he looked at her.

Some of the neighbors, too, who had heard the rumor, had come in, and there was a hurrying to and fro on the bare floor. Luke had resumed his seat by the fire, half annoyed at all the stir in his usually quiet house, and yet roused to some interest in the stranger's fate. The child had been left there with him, for in all the excitement no one had thought of her. She sat crouching in the corner, hushed with awe and alarm, bewildered by the unfamiliar scene about her, and half afraid of the silent man who never looked at her. But at length, with a child's boldness, she gradually stole nearer and nearer to him, and timidly laid her hand on his. The light touch roused him, and he looked up to see the little creature at his side gazing wistfully into his face, the tears still shining in the bright eyes.

It was the first time, perhaps, in all his life, that a child had approached him trustingly and confidingly, and it confused him. Involuntarily he raised her to his knee, and awkwardly enough, yet with no ungentle touch, he passed his rough hand over the bright curls, which twined about his fingers as he stroked them, and tried to soften his harsh tones to speak a few soothing words. It was not long before the little arms were clasped about his neck, and the soft, unwonted touch sent a strange thrill to his heart that seemed to stir it with gentler feelings. Soon the child was smiling gaily, and merrily prattling in broken words, while the wondering eyes were fixed on his face, and the dainty little fingers stroked his rough cheek. But drowsiness at length crept over her, and the blue eyes closed, and the golden ringlets rested on his shoulder. Luke was a rough looking man, and yet it made a pretty picture as he sat there bending over the child, and his grizzled locks almost touched her fair hair. One of the women chanced to enter the room, and was about to send him thus; but when she would have taken the child away, he refused to give her up. It would disturb her, he said, and he liked well enough to have her there.

In truth, it was a pleasant thing to him to have some one trusting and clinging to him; as for the child, nestling in the sheltering child, and her warm breath played on his cheek, emotions softer than he had known for years took possession of him. Memories of the past came back to him, and scenes forgotten years ago. How long it was since he had thought of his boyhood, and yet it rose up before him to-night and grew strangely vivid. The old home and the pretty cottage which had been the home of his childhood—the tender mother, whose voice was so soft and low, always gentle even in reproof, and which, when she sang old melodies in the dim twilight —the father who had seemed to him so noble, so worthy of admiration—and dearest of all, the sister of his own age, who was sports, without whom no pleasure had been complete! But she had passed out of his life, and for years he had hardly thought of her; yet now, summoning him back into the past, he recalled a thousand childish joys which they had shared together. One after another they rose before him, and none looked fairer than the bright Christmas days, when the parents' loving thoughtfulness had filled their stockings with gifts, and when they had borne to others poorer than themselves tokens of care and kindness. How sweet those hours looked to him now!

But a day had come when a sudden gloom fell on the house; when strangers entered it and moved silently about, and spoke in whispers; and he and his sister, awed by the mystery, crept away and crept away together to wonder what it meant. They knew the father and mother were in the darkened room, the room where they were forbidden to enter, though they often stole to the door to try to catch the sound of the familiar voices; and at length they had been taken there, into that quiet room, and had cried out wildly, and started back in alarm as they saw the still and motionless forms upon the bed, and looked on the faces which no longer wore the old loving smile. And the days had seemed even more dark and dreary than ever, and every one around them had worn a strangely mournful look. So the time had come when they had stood together in the old churchyard by an open grave, while the clods fell on them and gazed tearfully on; and at length as the coffins were lowered into the earth, the mystery of all those dreary days grew clear to them, and they had clasped each other sobbing. And pitying faces had surrounded them, and kind words were whispered, and gentle hands led them away. They had never gone to the old home again, but that night had cried themselves to sleep and unfamiliar scenes. And in a few days he and his sister had been parted, never to meet again, thrown among strangers.

It was strange how to-night the old house, so long forgotten, came back to him once more. Year after year he had gone on, contented after his own way, finding a sort of dull pleasure in his routine of toil, in adding to his stores, and never in the thoughts of the past, filled with no longings for the future. But now, as he sat there holding the sleeping child, a breath from the by-gone years came over him, and he was a boy again, and the hard man longed for once to be as he had been in the days long fled, when every trifle—follies he had learned to call them since—had filled him with joy. And as he mused, a tear fell on the fair locks of the little sleeper—the first tear that Luke Norris had shed for years—but he brushed it away, half angry with himself that he could be so weak.

The door was softly opened, and old Huldah entered, bringing with her something which she had found, she said, among the sick woman's things. It was a miniature, and might be some clue to enable us to discover who she was, if she should not recover, which seemed doubtful. He took it indifferently enough, for in the turn his thoughts had taken, no idea had occurred to remember the invalid, but when he looked at it, the old woman was startled to see the change that came over his face, it grew so white, and his whole frame shook. She had only seen a sweet, girlish face; but to him his sister had appeared once more. From the traits of the past she seemed to come before him. The face was not quite the same—it was more mature, more thoughtful, and perhaps even fairer than he remembered it; and yet, as he gazed at it, he could not doubt; his heart refused to question it; he *knew* that it was the child of his sister. And who could be who had his sister's picture? What was the link that connected them? At first he had been half indifferent to her fate, whether she lived or died, but now he was filled with an intense desire to hear her speak—this woman who could tell him his sister's story, so near to him, and yet so far removed—for the child was burning to hear, almost within his grasp, and yet, perhaps, to be sealed from him forever! It could not, must not be. And the sleeping child was almost forgotten, as this new emotion filled his heart. He gave her to the housekeeper's charge while he hastened to the sick room, and as he looked upon the pale face lying there he would have given half his treasured wealth for a word from those pallid lips. But the lips were mute, and he was powerless.

He wasin an agony of suspense. Hour after hour he paced to and fro, now listening at the closed door for some sound that should tell of returning life; now turning to watch the solemn forms of the night. The ice that for half a century had been gathering about his heart was broken up, and the emotions and feelings so long repressed by the hardened habits of his life now longing possessed his whole nature. While the slow moments passed, and he still watched and waited, the years of his boyhood, with all the power of their scenes through which he had passed. But no glad memory rose to brighten the long, cheerless way. What had his life been? A joyless, hopeless thing! In all his little world, no heart was warm with love for him; and what had he done to win love? Every where he looked he saw himself still the same, a hard, stern man. And now that he was growing old, and as he looked toward the future, what was there to brighten his declining years, —who was there to mourn for him when he should pass away? How his life had been wasted! What would he not give, might he but recall some of the years he had spent, to win at least the love of one heart on this earth, to feel that one life, at least, had been made more glad by him. But it was too late—too late!

The sighing words passed his lips, suddenly a new hope dawned upon him, as he recalled the child, and how the little arms had been clasped about his neck that night. He thought of her as a gift from Heaven, and solemnly vowed that the young heart, so strangely placed in his charge, should never have cause to take back the love and confidence given to him that night. She, at least, should never see him as he had been.

Midnight was past when the physician came at length to tell him that the long suspense was ended; that the invalid had recovered consciousness, and only care was needed to restore her to health again. He hastened to her room. It was a new and strange delight to him to watch the bright smile on the wasted face, and see the thin hand stretched out to clasp his gratefully. From her broken words he gathered the outline of the simple story she was too weak to tell—the story he was longing to hear. The sister he had loved —her mother—was no longer living. Her life had been a happy one, and she had never forgotten the brother she had lost so early. In her earliest youth his name had grown familiar to the daughter, and it had been her greatest pleasure to listen to the stories of her mother's childhood. So, when she had been left widowed and alone, these memories had come back to her, so sweetly, and called up pictures so fair, that she had been impelled to turn from the friends about her neck to seek that unknown uncle and claim his protection. It had seemed to her in her desolation like going back to her mother's youth. But the journey had been long and painful, and sickness had come, to exhaust her slender means. From a town not far away she had tried to struggle on, on foot, but her strength had failed, and she had sank to the ground.

And when she learned that she had found that long sought uncle, Luke was filled with joy to see the bright light that came over the wan face; and he could have sat for hours beside her, while she gazed with eyes shining through tears into the old man's face, and held his hand caressingly, whispering of her hope fulfilled. It was like a new life to him, after all his years of loneliness, to find some one with whom he might claim kindred; and the name of niece, murmured by her lips, was music to his ears.

The Christmas morn broke bright and clear. Luke was early astir; for he had much to do that day. But he could not leave his house till he had first restored the happy child to the glad mother, and lingered for a moment to enjoy the pretty sight of their pleasure. As he passed along the street, his neighbors looked up in surprise as they heard the cheery greeting so unusual from his lips. He fancied their faces wore a look unlike that he was accustomed to see on them; he did not know that it was the reflection of his own altered mien and that his own eyes beamed with an unwonted light, kindled by the new hopes and purposes that filled his heart. The very children seemed to feel the change in him, and one little group of merry urchins even ventured to salute him with their shrill cry of "Merry Christmas!" and shouted loudly with surprise and delight as he flung among them a handful of pennies, then hurried on, smiling to see them scramble after them. And when he entered the little store, the shopkeeper fairly stared in amazement, to hear him order one thing after another; stories of all kinds, warm clothing, and even toys and sweetmeats! What could the man be thinking of?

It was very still, that morning in John Leslie's cottage. The father lay on his low couch, the children by his side, busily twining into wreathes the evergreens Luke had sent them early in the day before, and merrily chatting. The mother sat near, looking on. Her face was careworn and troubled, and when the husband noticed her anxious look, and pointing to the children that it was so hard that they could do nothing to make the day bright for them, she tried to cheer her, and bade her not lose courage, for all was much stronger now; soon he might be able to go to work again; they must be patient and trust; on Christmas day it was wrong to despair. And then he called the little children to him, to repeat to them yet again the glad story of the Christmas morn.

A loud knock startled them, and then the door was opened by a man loaded with packages—a Christmas gift for them, he said. But when they would have questioned him he only laughed and shook his head, and hurried away. The children forgot their wreaths in their eagerness to explore the mysterious bundles, and Leslie, with trembling fingers, untied the strings, and displayed such treasures as they seemed to reveal to their wondering childish eyes! Such shouts and exclamations of delight as arose when they found that they were new clothing! And when they saw displayed before them all the materials for such a Christmas dinner as they had never beheld before, they fairly danced with joy. But little Susie had no words for her rapture, when, last of all, she discovered the very doll she had been longing for only yesterday. There was enough in that little heart that Santa Claus had heard what she had said, and had somehow sent her the doll through the strange man. And when they gathered round their board that day, Luke's heart would have eaten quicker could he have heard the fervent blessings on the head of their benefactor, even the mother's face now wore a smile; for how could they fear for the future with such a friend near them?

Leslie was not the only home to whom he was bringing to-day by Luke Norris's bounty. In the watches of the night other neglected children found their way to him again; and now many aching hearts were lightened, and sad faces smiled again as they saw their wants relieved by him.

As the short, bright day drew to its close, and the sun sank among rich and golden clouds, a little group was gathered in the long sitting parlor of the great farm-house. The ruddy gleam of the fire streamed through the windows, and its glow fell on the invalid as she lay on the couch where she had begged to be carried that she might not lose the pleasure of the day. Happiness had called to her cheek a faint flush which the old man by the fireside loved to watch; and the little Milly, tired with play, turned from her toys to clamber to his knee, and the bright head rested on his bosom, while his hand stole gently over the soft locks, he was very happy.

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

A Story for the Children.

It would seem that little Bertha Blantyre had everything that her heart could wish. She was an only daughter, and a pretty, blooming, petted darling. Her father was a rich lord, and, what was better, a good and kind-hearted man. Her mother was a noble lady, and, what was more, a gentle and loving woman, and even little Bertha had from her cradle the title of "Honorable," which is as much as our great Congressmen can boast. Yet I am sorry to say, this little lady was not always as happy and grateful as she should have been, but was sometimes sadly discontented, believing that she was not half so much petted by others as she deserved to be.

In this park Bertha often walked with her mother, or was whirled along in a small open pheeton, drawn by two lovely white ponies, which Lady Blantyre herself drove.

In the wildest and most remote part of the park lived the gamekeeper, who, with his wife, had been born and bred on the estate, and from childhood had been in the service of the noble family. Lady Blantyre never passed the cottage of Robert McWillie in her drives without stopping to inquire after the health of his wife, who had once been her maid, and of their nine brood of little ones. During these visits Bertha became acquainted with the young foresters, and as she was of a simple and amiable disposition, and not a bit haughty or conceited, she liked them all heartily. But she especially took to a little girl about her own age, named Lilly, and a boy a year or two older, called Hughie.

One day as Lady Blantyre and Bertha were driving along the shore of a miniature loch or pond, near Robert McWillie's cottage, they saw Hughie and Lilly playing in a burn, or brook, which emptied into the little loch. Hughie was constructing a dam, with stones, and turf, and heather branches cemented with clay, and Lilly was sailing a tiny boat loaded with pebbles and flowers. Both were barefooted, and pleasing fearlessly in the burn. Lady Blantyre reached the little party, and after watching the children awhile, called them to the side of her phaeton. Hughie took off his Glengary cap, and held it in his hand, and Lilly was about to pull from her head a wild looking wreath of daisies and purple heather blooms, when Bertha exclaimed, "Don't take it off it is so pretty; who made it?"

"Brother Hughie," answered Lilly, blushing.

"How good he must be. Do you like playing and wading in the water and picking wild flowers?"

"Yes," said Lilly, looking down, and drawing figures in the sand with her rosy little toes, "Hughie is good. I like playing wi' the burn, and flowers are bonny wee things;" then, looking up timidly, she offered to her friend a bunch of water lilies, which Hughie had waded for one into the pond up to his short kilt to obtain.

"Thank you," said Bertha. "O, how sweet they are—a thousand times sweeter than those that grow in the meat aren't they mamma?"

Lady Blantyre smiled, for there was really no difference, the lillies at the castle having been brought from this very pond.

"How long have you been at your great work there?" she asked of Hughie.

"For maist a week, my lady; but for the last two days Dominie MacGregor has been down wi' an ill turn, and I hae (have) lost no time at schule (school,) so I hae got on weel wi' it. It will soon be done noo."

"And what do you intend to do with it when it is finished?"

"I canna say, but I think we'll play flood time wi' it."

"What is that?"

"Your ladyship sees that wee bit island, and it has been her greatest pleasure to listen to the stories of her mother's childhood. So, when she had been left widowed and alone, these memories had come back to her so sweetly, and called up pictures so fair, that she had been impelled to turn from the friends about her neck to seek that unknown uncle and claim his protection. It had seemed to her in her desolation like going back to her mother's youth. But the journey had been long and painful, and sickness had come, to exhaust her slender means. From a town not far away she had tried to struggle on, on foot, but her strength had failed, and she had sank to the ground.

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The Christmas morn broke bright and clear. Luke was early astir; for he had much to do that day. But he could not leave his house till he had first restored the happy child to the glad mother, and lingered for a moment to enjoy the pretty sight of their pleasure. As he passed along the street, his neighbors looked up in surprise as they heard the cheery greeting so unusual from his lips. He fancied their faces wore a look unlike that he was accustomed to see on them; he did not know that it was the reflection of his own altered mien and that his own eyes beamed with an unwonted light, kindled by the new hopes and purposes that filled his heart. The very children seemed to feel the change in him, and one little group of merry urchins even ventured to salute him with their shrill cry of "Merry Christmas!" and shouted loudly with surprise and delight as he flung among them a handful of pennies, then hurried on, smiling to see them scramble after them. And when he entered the little store, the shopkeeper fairly stared in amazement, to hear him order one thing after another; stories of all kinds, warm clothing, and even toys and sweetmeats! What could the man be thinking of?

It was very still, that morning in John Leslie's cottage. The father lay on his low couch, the children by his side, busily twining into wreathes the evergreens Luke had sent them early in the day before, and merrily chatting. The mother sat near, looking on. Her face was careworn and troubled, and when the husband noticed her anxious look, and pointing to the children that it was so hard that they could do nothing to make the day bright for them, she tried to cheer her, and bade her not lose courage, for all was much stronger now; soon he might be able to go to work again; they must be patient and trust; on Christmas day it was wrong to despair. And then he called the little children to him, to repeat to them yet again the glad story of the Christmas morn.

A loud knock startled them, and then the door was opened by a man loaded with packages—a Christmas gift for them, he said. But when they would have questioned him he only laughed and shook his head, and hurried away. The children forgot their wreaths in their eagerness to explore the mysterious bundles, and Leslie, with trembling fingers, untied the strings, and displayed such treasures as they seemed to reveal to their wondering childish eyes! Such shouts and exclamations of delight as arose when they found that they were new clothing! And when they saw displayed before them all the materials for such a Christmas dinner as they had never beheld before, they fairly danced with joy. But little Susie had no words for her rapture, when, last of all, she discovered the very doll she had been longing for only yesterday. There was enough in that little heart that Santa Claus had heard what she had said, and had somehow sent her the doll through the strange man. And when they gathered round their board that day, Luke's heart would have eaten quicker could he have heard the fervent blessings on the head of their benefactor, even the mother's face now wore a smile; for how could they fear for the future with such a friend near them?

Luke was not the only home to whom he was bringing to-day by Luke Norris's bounty. In the watches of the night other neglected children found their way to him again; and now many aching hearts were lightened, and sad faces smiled again as they saw their wants relieved by him.

As the short, bright day drew to its close, and the sun sank among rich and golden clouds, a little group was gathered in the long sitting parlor of the great farm-house. The ruddy gleam of the fire streamed through the windows, and its glow fell on the invalid as she lay on the couch where she had begged to be carried that she might not lose the pleasure of the day. Happiness had called to her cheek a faint flush which the old man by the fireside loved to watch; and the little Milly, tired with play, turned from her toys to clamber to his knee, and the bright head rested on his bosom, while his hand stole gently over the soft locks, he was very happy.

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

A Story for the Children.

It would seem that little Bertha Blantyre had everything that her heart could wish. She was an only daughter, and a pretty, blooming, petted darling. Her father was a rich lord, and, what was better, a good and kind-hearted man. Her mother was a noble lady, and, what was more, a gentle and loving woman, and even little Bertha had from her cradle the title of "Honorable," which is as much as our great Congressmen can boast. Yet I am sorry to say, this little lady was not always as happy and grateful as she should have been, but was sometimes sadly discontented, believing that she was not half so much petted by others as she deserved to be.

In this park Bertha often walked with her mother, or was whirled along in a small open pheeton, drawn by two lovely white ponies, which Lady Blantyre herself drove.

In the wildest and most remote part of the park lived the gamekeeper, who, with his wife, had been born and bred on the estate, and from childhood had been in the service of the noble family. Lady Blantyre never passed the cottage of Robert McWillie in her drives without stopping to inquire after the health of his wife, who had once been her maid, and of their nine brood of little ones. During these visits Bertha became acquainted with the young foresters, and as she was of a simple and amiable disposition, and not a bit haughty or conceited, she liked them all heartily. But she especially took to a little girl about her own age, named Lilly, and a boy a year or two older, called Hughie.

One day as Lady Blantyre and Bertha were driving along the shore of a miniature loch or pond, near Robert McWillie's cottage, they saw Hughie and Lilly playing in a burn, or brook, which emptied into the little loch. Hughie was constructing a dam, with stones, and turf, and heather branches cemented with clay, and Lilly was sailing a tiny boat loaded with pebbles and flowers. Both were barefooted, and pleasing fearlessly in the burn. Lady Blantyre reached the little party, and after watching the children awhile, called them to the side of her phaeton. Hughie took off his Glengary cap, and held it in his hand, and Lilly was about to pull from her head a wild looking wreath of daisies and purple heather blooms, when Bertha exclaimed, "Don't take it off it is so pretty; who made it?"

"Brother Hughie," answered Lilly, blushing.

"How good he must be. Do you like playing and wading in the water and picking wild flowers?"

"Yes," said Lilly, looking down, and drawing figures in the sand with her rosy little toes, "Hughie is good. I like playing wi' the burn, and flowers are bonny wee things;" then, looking up timidly, she offered to her friend a bunch of water lilies, which Hughie had waded for one into the pond up to his short kilt to obtain.

"Thank you," said Bertha. "O, how sweet they are—a thousand times sweeter than those that grow in the meat aren't they mamma?"

Lady Blantyre smiled, for there was really no difference, the lillies at the castle having been brought from this very pond.

"How long have you been at your great work there?" she asked of Hughie.

"For maist a week, my lady; but for the last two days Dominie MacGregor has been down wi' an ill turn, and I hae (have) lost no time at schule (school,) so I hae got on weel wi' it. It will soon be done noo."

"And what do you intend to do with it when it is finished?"

"I canna say, but I think we'll play flood time wi' it."

"What is that?"

"Your lady

CHRISTMAS.

BY THOS. CARY.

O Lord! only presents in a f estal
Can we find for thy advent in days of old,
O sweet Babe Jesus more
Than Christ, the Lord, was born!

Again the fixed charges of the year
Have brought that season to the world most dear,
When angels, all silvery,
Bring good tidings come.

Again we think of her, the meek, the mild,
The divine-eyed mother of the holy child,
The chosen, and the best,
Among all women blest.

We think about the shepherds, who dismayed,
Fell on their faces trembling and afraid,
Until they heard a cry,
Glory to God on high!

And we remember those who from afar
Paid, wond'ring, their changing allegiance at the star
To where its light was shed
Upon the sacred head.

And how each trembling awe struck worshipper
Brought gifts of gold, and frankincense and myrrh.
And spread them on the ground
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege, w o can bear
A wee office and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in it we thought we half forgot that He
Is wherever we seek him ear nestly;
Still living every place
With sweet, abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh, as then,
No more for us, as in the stable earth with men.
The poor, to him most dear,
Are always with us here.

And He with Incarnation as you shall take
Good to these little ones for my dear sake,
In that same measure as
Have brought it unto me!

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who live,
Having all this logs earthly wealth can give,
Remember it is sad do on
For whom there is no room—

No room in any home, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head;
And space for reasons great
To help the low estate.

Mothers whose sons fill all y our homes with light,
Think of the sons that once in homes as bright,
Now said a sheep grazed on
On some sad battle ground;

And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
With pity g hand to wipe the falling tear.
Comfort for Christ's dear sake
To children whose mothers take!

Children whose love are bleat wi h love untold,
Whose gifts are give n than your selves can hold,
Think of the child who's nuts
To day with empty hands!

Go fill them up and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that le so cold and still,
And bright en longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, a this blest season seek
The precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful sweet accord,
Thus tending to the Lord.

Yea, Crucified Redeemer, who didst give
Thy self by tears thy life, that we in gat itive,
Thy spirit grant that we
May live one day for Thee!

PETER PRINGLE'S WATCH.

Christmas After-Dinner Dream.

"Ugh merry Christmas, indeed! I wonder what people mean by talking such nonsense perfect anomaly—never was such a thing. Snow, sleet, bother and bills; and no end of all sorts of beggars. I don't see anything merry in that, I take Christmas, I don't believe anybody ever was merry at Christmas, or ever will be, except a parcel of stupid children, who come home from school and eat plum pudding till they are sick. I'm glad I never was married, for then I should have had a lot of noisy brats coming home, making the house untidy, and" —he soliloquist looked around his cool, cold room, and a large, old-fashioned watch, in a case, on the table, ticked loudly, and its sound recalled years—years gone by—for that watch had been a Christmas present from his grandfather. Had that not been a merry Christmas? Oh, yes! merry as the light and innocent heart of childhood could make it, in glad companionship with mirthful beings like itself. But who that merriment-featured man could trace the merry child?

Peter Pringle's house, though filled with furniture and as comfortable as money could make it—for Pringle was no niggard where his own comfort was concerned—yet bore the s amp of solitude, and, with all its luxury, looked desolate; and often, very often, did Pringle find it so, for no friend rested on those well stuffed chairs—no one came to see him, save an old client, who paid him a formal visit once or twice a year, more from want than for any other reason; and to morrow would be Christmas day, yet no one was coming to keep festival with him.

There was to be no pleasant assembling beneath the roof of that dull house. He had given a tha, his old housekeeper, leave to have some friends, but she had answered, "Thank you, I'm like you, I ain't got none." So an excellent dinner Peter ordered for himself, and Martha was to dine after him.

That was the only way that occurred to him of trying to make himself happy.

"Well, I'm sure, what's this start for?" he said, looking at and opening the letter. "Want something, I dare say; wish to Fate they'd take all my money, and leave me alone; going fifty miles in a deep snow for what? —to be with a merry Christmas! Ugh! to see people laughing, and passing a merry Christmas—in a clergyman's house, too, with all persons not symp thizers; don't go, sir," and flinging his letter on the table, he paced up and down the room.

He walked to the window. It was growing dusk. Bright fires were throwing a ruddy glow on the ceiling of the opposite houses. People were hurrying along the street, many of them, alas!—little Christmas tokens—for to-morrow's festival were passing, filled with men from stores and offices, bringing home turkeys and game from market, looking and looking ghastly looking forward to the holiday, and then comes the laughter, in an extreme bustle, as if he had made a wager to fight all he could in the same moment, and he cuts a caper and a joke at the same time, as he scampers up the ladder, saying no s to the wrong person on the subject, or perhaps, not causing a great fit of laughter in a boy, who has always held the mirthfulness in the greatest respect for his wonderful agility, which he has often longed to imitate.

And now it is darker still, and a hack carriage drives up to the street, and stops before the opposite house. The door is instantly opened—pleasant symptom of having been watched for, and next minute expected—and out tumble—for there is no other word so expressive—a lot of live children, in new rose colored dresses, and maa ms and papa, also very smart, and then, at the foot of the staircase, there is such a kissing, and little arms are twined around little waists, and little folks lugged up stairs by other little folks; and the hors are closed, and the shades are drawn by the blind in the drawing-room show they are there, those merry hearts, and Pringle turns from the window with an impatient "Pshaw."

Oh! how cold and cheerless his room looked; it was dark, much darker than out of doors, and the fire had got low; and the gas lamp was shedding a glaring light on the ground; and with a slight shudder he said "I will go to-morrow. It was not the warm, affectionate letter which decided him—not the sweet words, "Do come, dear uncle, and we will try to make you happy"—no, nor a feeling of affection for those who were inviting him, that made him consent; it was because he thought he should be more comfortable there than at home. So he rang the bell for Martha. "I am going down to the Austins," he said, as she slowly entered the room.

"What for? When?"

"What for? Because I like it. When? To-morrow. So put a shirt and some socks in my bag, and all the things I'm likely to want."

"Very well, then, I'm to stay here by myself—pleasant;" and with her usual slow pace she walked out again.

This speech sounded unkind, but Martha did not mean one could not help seeing uneasin; there was a coarse sort of love about her, too, for him; she showed no one could or would take the care of him that she did, and therefore was not slow in dampening his ardor for leaving his home, whenever such a wonderful event was proposed to her, and even now she delayed packing his things, in the hopes that sleeping on it would make him change his determination, but no; he had made up his mind, he is not to be moved, and, by eight o'clock in the morning, he is some miles on his way.

We must precede him to his destination. It is a lovely Christmas morning. The red sun is shedding a glow on the snow, lying in beautiful simpes on the branches of the trees, and making even an old tub, or plank, a picturesque object. The Rev. Mr. Austin's residence is a sweet place, standing in a beautiful garden thickly wooded by pine trees, above which peeps the spire of a cozy country church. Gentle Mary Lester is his ward, and niece to Peter Pringle. The mother married against his will, so when she and her husband both dead, leaving little Mary a penniless orphan he refused to see her, or take her to his own house, but consented if he might be spared all further annoyance with her, to pay Mr. Austin to take charge of her, with a promise of a wedding portion, if she married according to his will. Repeatedly had they asked the stern old man to come and see them, but he had always refused, however, they could not bear he should be alone at Christmas, and so now again they had made the request, and this time, no one could tell why, had succeeded. And busy enough they were this morning, doling out Christmas gifts to the poor, and preparing to go to church, there to return grateful thanks for being permitted, in other Christmas day, to assemble beneath its venerable roof without one blank in their little circle. The Austins had only one child, a girl, sixteen years of age, and she and Mary Lester were inseparable; every secret of their hearts was confided to each other, and they could not believe that any circumstance of after life could destroy the enviable friendship subsisting between them. And who would seek to weaken this happy trust—who would undertake the cruel task of telling those young hearts how soon a mingling with the world would wean them from each other—how nearer and dearer ties would come between them, and they would live to say, "How, when we were young, we loved one another!"

She was a pretty, fair-haired, bright-eyed creature, little Agnes Austin, and used to bound about the house, like some spirit; she seemed in every place at once; you scarcely heard her ringing laugh in the hall, but she stood before you; and as to walking, it was a thing she seemed hardly able to go; notwithstanding her quiet mother's constant assurance that there was no hurry, she never did anything so common as to walk quietly across her room; and her light-heartedness, light-footedness, and light-heartedness, obtained for her the nickname of "fairy," and by such she was always called.

Mary Lester was not pretty, but she was loveable and interesting, quiet, steady, and cheerful; being remarkable for neither beauty nor wit, she was unattractive to the common observer; but those who knew her high principles, and her unflinching performance of her duty in its strictest sense, loved her as she deserved to be loved.

How particularly comfortable Mr. Austin's library does look; such a famous fire, such a lazy cat lying before it, such a bright kettle boiling on it, such a nice breakfast laid on such a white cloth, that actually looks white not with standing the snow; such a party assembled at breakfast—such a contented, happy party, not one among them who does not look with love in his neighbor's face. What room, then, would not seem comfortable.

"Papa," said Agnes suddenly to her father, who was engaged in that, to most men, important occupation, reading the newspaper; "Papa—dear—" No answer. Again she said, "Papa dear. Now you shan't read another line till you answer me;" and she covered with her hands the portion of the paper he was reading.

"How can you be such a goose," said Mary, smiling, "as to imagine that your hands can prevent Mr. Austin seeing? He is reading, you see."

"Ah! but it has made him look up, though," she answered, as Mr. Austin peered over his spectacles at the merry face of his darling little daughter. "Now, do tell me, do you think he's a bear?"

"Eh! do I think he's a bear? Who's a bear?"

"Mr. Pringle."

"A bear, my love! Oh! dear me, I hope not for our sakes, and especially for yours, for he will most assuredly make but one mouthful of such a tiny thing as you, my little Fairy."

"Oh, now, don't be silly, papa, pretending you don't understand me. I mean a rough, bearish, snappish sort of fellow."

"My dear little girl, how can I tell? I never saw him in my life; he is your godmother's friend; you must ask her for information; she transacted all business with him, and it is to her we are indebted for this agreeable addition to our household;" said he patted Mary kindly on the shoulder.

"Well, how funny, I never knew that before; what is he like mamma; shall I be very frightened at him?"

"No, my dear, I hope not, he is not very formidable in appearance, and I think a little gentle kindness will go far towards softening his harsh manners; poor man, he has been embittered in early life, and to him goodness and happiness are but names."

A ring at the bell announced a visitor. "Here he is!" said Agnes, springing from her chair

"Who? Frank?" said Mary, starting from hers.

"No, no, your uncle, Mary," answered Anges.

"Oh?" she said, reseating herself very calmly.

Mr. Austin laughed. "What a shame, Agnes, to startle people so, and then disappoint them; but you're wrong, I see, unless Mary's muscle is done up in a brown paper parcel," he continued, as the servant entered with one in his hand. "For Miss Lester."

"Is, Mary, who from? What fun! oh! cut the string, cut the string, make haste;" but Mary, with a very glowing face, continued undoing the knots, and when Agnes's patience was quite worn out, she took from the folds of paper a very elegant desk.

"Well, am sure, a Christmas-box, indeed, and a very handsome one," said Mr. austin; "now the only difficulty will be to discover the giver. Take into your own room, Mary, and hunt through it well, you may find a note to explain."

In a very low voice, but with a smile of great pleasure, she answered, "I had the explanatory note by the first post."

"Oh! indeed, then so long as you are in the secret, we will ask no questions; now, Miss curious Agnes, leave Mary in that undisturbed, and go and dress for church, or you will be too late. Mary must remain at home," he continued, "in case of her uncle coming."

"Oh! certainly," said Mrs. Austin.

Agnes soon came down, muffled up in furs till her small bright face peeped out like a flower hidden in a mass of foliage, and they started for church, leaving Mary to receive her uncle, whom she awaited with a nervous thrill. They had not been gone ten minutes, before she received the awful summons to come down to him.

"Oh! how do you do? You're Mary Lester?"

"Yes! dear uncle!"

"Not a bit like your mother; she was a very pretty woman at your age. Where are the res?"

"Gone to church."

"Church! Ugh! in this weather? It's enough to give one an ague to think of it; I haven't been to church for ages."

"I should think not," was Mary's mental rejoinder. "They left word you were to have anything you wanted, dear uncle, directly."

"Then, I want summer."

"Oh! that," said Mary, smiling sweetly, and helping him off with his over-coat. "Is impossible for us to get you, but we will make you fancy it such, by a warm fire, and warmer welcome."

"Oh! pooh! get me something to eat!"

The bell was rung, and refreshment ordered; and Mary assisted him to it so charmingly, and moved about him so quietly, and the room was so comfortable, and he was so pleased to find charms in a nice woman's society, that he actually appeared gradually softening and even stopped and patted the cat instead of kicking it, and when the dinner-hour arrived, and stretching herself, purred round his legs, and finally jumped on his knee, he almost looked pleased, and said, "La! bless me, I never was so cut up before; what cres t see in me?" Nothing could exceed the kindness of his welcome from the Austins when they returned from church, and insisted in having the party seated around him. For Pringle had never felt so comfortable. Did he cast one thought on poor old Martha, alone, in his dull house? Not one; he was not thoughtful, and therefore it never occurred to him that any one else could be otherwise. The day almost flew away, so quickly the hours passed, and the clock arrived at the company to dinner. Mrs. Austin's married sister, her husband, and three children; Mr. Austin's father and mother; Mr. Jones, Wentworth, and Mr. Jones, Mr. Austin's assistant.

Mr. Jones had, unfortunately for his peace of mind, been there a little too often, for he found that, instead of writing his sermons, "sonnets to Agnes" flowed from his pen; his blotting paper was covered with faces, and bearing the name of Agnes in every direction. In his drawer, and in his desk, were faded flowers, pieces of ribbons, and scraps of writing, all treasures from the parsonage, and, in short, poor Jones was irretrievably in love. There were few things more amusing than to see Agnes ensconcing herself in the most extraordinary corners, to avoid the necessity of sitting next to Jones, and to witness her saucy indifference, her loud answers to the tender nonsense he was whispering; the sort of dread with which she would place her tiny hand in his gaunt one, and then draw it away so quickly. Poor little thing, it was no wonder she did not love him—he was a strange, tall, awkward, uninteresting creature, and it was no wonder that he loved her—she was indeed a captivating little being. With the perversity of man, the more indifferent she was to him, the more he seemed to love her; and his old little brown eyes never moved from the bright form of the tormenting little beauty.

Frank Wentworth could find quite as good occupation for his eyes under the Austins' hospitable roof, for he had resigned his heart to the keeping of the gentle Mary; and in a desperate state of excitement was the gentle Mary this afternoon, for fear either hers or her lover's deportment should betray the state of affairs, ere her uncle had been prepared for it by Mr. Austin, and his consent gained. They had gone to church, but doubted obtaining the consent, but they felt the testy old man would like to be acquainted with the fact as speedily as possible. At length Mr. Austin dismissed him out of the room, and a long and alarming time they were gone; and when they did come back, anxiously was Mary's gaze riveted on their faces. Peter Pringle looked exactly as he had done before; but Mary fancied in Mr. Austin's face there was a shade of care and anxiety—but hoped it was only fancy, and placed her arm through Frank's, and gazed up in his face with such a look of love, that the arm was in consequence very fondly pressed, and she forgot that any one could object.

"It's cosier without the lamps, I think, —I like the fire light, don't you? said Mr. Austin; many voices answered, "Yes."

Who would disagree with him! The warm delicious light of a bright fire, its playful, changing, spirit-like light, now bounding up the chimney, and anon the quiet grey smoke, then suddenly disappearing altogether, then rushing out at the bars in a great bustle, then flickering gently, as if it never was in a hurry, and all the time keeping up a clicking, sparkling, comfortable sound, seeming to invite you all to draw round it, and see how warm and cheerful it is; and so some of our party did now. The old folks, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, and Jones, talked over it; the children and Agnes got at high romps, and in a corner, where the fire had thrown a deep shadow, sat Frank and Mary. Old Pringle unfortunately kept peering into that corner in such a fidgety way, that at last Mr. Austin said, very pointedly—"We had better have lights now." So the lights came, and Mary and Frank moved from the corner—Mary with a very high color, saying, how strong the glare was; and Frank pretending to be quite aware of what they were all talking about, and rushing into the middle of the conversation in the most inappropriate manner.

Dinner was then announced, and the appearance of the board, so well covered with good cheer, had a wonderful effect upon all parties, dinner was always an important point with Pringle, so his face assumed its pleasantest expression. Mr and Mrs. Austin, senior, began to talk of sundry Christmas Days t ey remembered. The children, who, perched up, before dinner on high chairs, their little feet dangling, and looked blue and rozen, began rapidly to thaw and Agnes, who had managed to get between them, was chattering away to them about dolls and dolls' houses. Frank and Mary were murmuring together like two doves, unconscious whether they were eating roast beef or stewed horse shoes; and so poor Jones was the only uncomfortable looking being among them—away from Agnes, and obliged to carve the turkey! Like the woman with two matches, who hoped nobody heard her, he trusted nobody saw him, and vainly hoped nobody wanted any. As vainly did he throw out hints about its being unlucky not to eat beef on Christmas Day—every one would have turkey; and old Pringle's sharp voice and sharper remarks invariably made him start so dreadfully, that ere the dinner was over, the state he was in would have cured the most dreadful cold in the head ever known.

It was over at last, and they adjourned to the drawing-room. After tea a game of forfeits for the children was proposed, which not at all suiting Mr. Pringle, he took his way to the library, grumbling all the time at the "confounded noise." Mr. Austin followed him.

"Excuse me for troubling you again, Mr. Pringle, but I love dear Mary as my own, and cannot bear to make her unhappy—I must, therefore, try to make you relent."

"It's no good, sir, I tell you. I never alter my mind. He's too young and too poor; long engagements are detestable things; and as they're not to be married, they'd better not be looking dismal at each other; so do as I advise you, pack off that fellow. If not, you know the consequences. They will marry, I shan't give them a farthing, and shall leave my money to old Martha or a hospital. There now, don't talk to me about that any more."

"But, indeed, sir, you are too hasty. Wentworth is an excellent young man—a man of strong and deep feeling. Such a blow to his hopes, just as he is starting in life, will do him irredeemable mischief. His employment will no longer have charms for him, and you will drive him, perhaps, into misery and vice."

"Let 'em marry, then. It's nothing to me."

"A little assistance from you, sir, would enable them to marry comfortably and without misery."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, I tell you; so don't talk any more about it."

With a sigh of despair, Mr. Austin walked out of the room, and Mr. Pringle took his large watch out of his pocket and put it on the mantelpiece, and gazed long and fixedly at its old white face and slowly moving hands; and as he gazed, a dim, thin film seemed to gather over it, then grew thicker and thicker, and larger and larger, and Pringle held his breath, and his hair stood on end; for from that film came forth a shadowy form—a man with a scythe and an hour glass.

"Who art thou?" said Pringle, tremblingly.

"I am he who makes of the child an old man; of the chrysalis a gaudy butterfly; one often prayed to come, and often prayed to go, yet who never comes twice. I bring tears, yet soothe all woe and heal the blessings of the worn and wearied hearts, for I bring them a peaceful rest at last; one whom you badly used—and I have come to tell you so I AM TIME. Sixty years I have been with you, and what use have you made of me?"

"I have worked hard," murmured Pringle.

"To what purpose? You have gathered wealth for your own comfort. What benefit has it been to your fellow creatures? what advantage has your knowledge been to them? whom have you comforted by kindly words? who has profited by your good example? And now that your strength is failing, and your eyes growing dim with age, you have not the support of one good action to smooth your pathway to your grave. Look back on your past life—think what you have known you had the hard, unyielding being that you are—and I will stay by you yet a little while, that you may have the chance of a fellow creature's blessing to gild the rod for your setting sun. Stay, a spirit shall assist you."

And Pringle, with his strained eyeballs glaring on the form before him, beheld another rising by its side, a female form, tall and graceful, bearing in its hand a large roll of paper; its robes were of cloud-like texture, and its face fair and beautiful, but changeful in expression; occasionally sad—so sad!—then beaming with joy.

"Spirit of Retrospection, unfold thy tablets!" And the spirit slowly unwound the roll of paper, and held it before Pringle. What does he see? A child at prayer beside its mother's knee. That fades away, and in its place there is a group of children in a large room decked with holly. From the middle of the ceiling hangs a large branch of mistletoe, and beneath it is a fair-haired boy, his arm wound round the neck of a pretty little girl, striving to free herself from his embrace; at the boy's side hang s a watch. This passes quickly—Oh! so quickly—and a young man is seen in its place, and by his side a girl weeping; and he is holding her hand in his, and gazing in her face with looks of love. Another figure appears—a tall, stern man—and, with an iron grasp, wrenches the girl's hand away. Pringle covers his face tightly with his hands, and his frame shakes violently, as in a suffocated voice he says, "Spirit, have mercy! let me forget that." He raises his head; the picture is past; but another is there—the young man grown older, much older—the brightness of youth all gone. He is seated at a desk in an office, and before him stands again that same stern man; but where is the proud, haughty bearing which once was his? Pale and thin, and wretchedly dressed, he seemed to stand a supplicant before the young man whose happiness he had so blighted. He is pointing to something on a heap of gold lying on the table; but the young man covers it with his hand, and, with a smile of scorn, shakes his head and points to the door.

Pringle clutched his hands convulsively.

"Enough, enough—spare me, Spirit, I beseech thee; I can bear no more; he did not say she wanted it."

The Spirit answered not, but in silence continued its work. A wretched room is before him, and in it a miserable pallet bed lies a young girl, and kneeling by her side, holding her wan hand, the same stern man. Hush she speaks! Oh! will him that blessed him with my last breath

"A great, bright, gh, and tears are flowing down Pringle's cheeks, and bitter sobs choke his utterance. When he has let his head again—time alone was with him.

"Oh I see it all—all now; but was there not much excuse for me? I had loved and lost—had been cruelly deceived and left with but one aim—to make her my wife; and then, that he, with no reason, should turn on me. Spirit, it was hard to bear; it blunted all my better feelings."

Time moved his hand, and a voice said, "Wentworth is an excellent young man but a man of strong feeling; such a blow to his hopes, just as he is entering into life, will do him incalculable mischief."

"Who was that?"—"Aye, who was that?" the Spirits answers, "and with the knowledge of what emotions stored your life, you would so crush and blight another's. What was your answer to Mr. Austin? Where was the recollection of your early days, early love, when you so coldly endeavored to destroy the happy hopes of your orphan niece? From one had not know many evils come! Had you assisted that ruined man—"

"Assisted the man who so ill-used me!" answered Pringle, "and broke the heart of her I loved better than life?"

"Aye," replied the Spirit. "Had you remembered the lessons learnt at your mother's knee, the precepts she taught you from the holy book—to return good for evil—how different would you be now. What is the agony of reflection! Not the recollection of your trials—they are past, and it is but a sigh they cost you for what you suffered then; but the knowledge of having done wrong, the burden of an uneasy conscience—it is this which is too much to bear—it is this which causes man to drown thought, to endeavor to erase the painful memory of the past. But it will come; some chord is touched which restores it with the freshness of yesterday, and then what would they give for the years which I have borne away—away, never to come again? How differently would they act, then; and so are you thinking now. Vain is such thought. Employ me well while I remain with you, reform, for genuine measure, the errors of the past, and peace will yet come to you, for she is gentle and forgiving."

With bowed head, Pringle had listened to the Spirit's words. At their conclusion the church loudly proclaimed the hour. Pringle raised his head. Time had flown —and a hand is gently laid upon his shoulder, and in a sweet voice said,

"Uncle, will you not come into the other room now; they are all gone but Fra— Mr. Wentworth; you have been asleep, have you not?"

"Asleep! Yes; a long sleep; yes, I have, but I must wake up now, before I sleep forever. Send Mr. Wentworth here, my dear; or rather bring him here; come with him."

"Yes, uncle," said the wondering Mary, as she went to do her uncle's bidding.

She soon returned, followed by Frank.

"Mr. Wentworth, you love my niece, I believe?"

"Most truly, Mr. Pringle, I love her."

"That'll do, sir; there was no occasion to interrupt me." The watch ticked very loudly, and Pringle continued in a much milder tone.

"You love my niece. I hear you are a good, steady, excellent person, well fitted to take care of her, and have sufficient means, with a little of my assistance, to keep her. What would you do if I did not consent to your marriage? Marry without, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, sir, not at present," said Frank, smiling. "When I can afford to keep dear Mary without any one's assistance, then, perhaps, we should not wait for consent. Eh, Mary?"

Mary twisted her apron-strings into a variety of extraordinary knots, and said nothing.

Frank's cool and unexpected answer was a trial of Pringle's temper he could scarcely bear, and an angry reply was rising to his lips, but the loud ticking of the watch again checked him, and he continued:

"But, supposing, sir, I took Mary away from you, and not only refused to consent, but prevented you from marrying her, what would you do then? Marry somebody else, I suppose?" There was no smile on Frank's face now, as he answered:

"Never, sir! I can wait—aye, for years —for her, and live upon the hope that she may be mine, but never wed another."

"No, never," said Pringle; "and when you have waited, and find it hopeless when she is dead of a broken heart, you will turn your thoughts to gaining wealth. Riches will drive love from your mind. You will toil, and toil, and money will come, and the more you have, the more you will want, and you will say, 'When I am old I will enjoy it. I am glad I did not marry. It's all for myself now.' And you will get old, and you will spend your hard gotten wealth in striving for comfort; but it will not come; and as you sit by your lone fireside, the thoughts of her you love will haunt you, and you will wish, with all the agony of hopelessness, that she were by your side, and curse the man that parted you as I have done."

"No, no, sir! such will not be the case. I trust my little Mary is too strong minded to break her heart, if we are parted; and" —his voice trembled slightly—"we shall both, I hope, keep up a cheerful spirit under the trial, for the performance of our duty here will give us the happiness of knowing that we shall meet at last where no one can part us." He stopped suddenly, for a stifled sob struck on his ear, and seizing Mary's hand in both of his, he said, in a low and earnest voice, "Hush, hush, my own darling, this is the only thing I cannot bear."

There was a long pause, only disturbed by the ticking of the watch. At length Pringle rose, and laid his hand upon theirs. They started, and Mary grasped Frank's hand more firmly.

"Ah! Mary, you may well doubt me; but you shall do so no longer. I would not part you, believe me; no, no. I will die with the knowledge of having made some one happy, if I can. Take her, Frank Wentworth, she is yours."

In an instant, Mary's arms were round his neck. She could not speak her thanks; but the warm tears which bedewed her face were more eloquent. And how his old withered heart bounded and beat, aye, keeping time with the watch, too, as Frank poured forth his thanks, and wrung him warmly by the hand.

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